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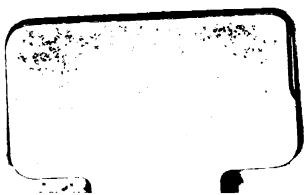
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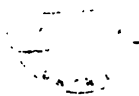
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IN  
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BY THE LATE  
W. H. ADAMS HYETT.

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MDCCLXI.



## Preface.

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THIS little Volume is not presumed to be in any way a contribution to Literature. It is simply the Journal of a young man, who, at the age of twenty-two, visited the Nile for health, and continued his tour into the Holy Land—kept for his own satisfaction and improvement. He died in his twenty-fifth year, and it is printed only as a memorial to be presented to a few of his friends, who will, now especially, be interested in learning what he felt and thought under the influence of such a tour. A spirit, too, pervades it, which must please those who loved him; for it is the spirit of Christian Faith and Hope, by which he was enabled, while in the flower of his youth, to meet sickness and death without a murmur.

Extracts from his Letters, distinguished by smaller type, are introduced to supply chasms left in the Journal:—a few private and familiar allusions, otherwise of little import, in all not amounting to eight lines, are omitted. With these exceptions, and that of the literal and verbal corrections required by an unrevised MS., the text is printed as it was written off at the time. To have made larger omissions or alterations, though merely of the trivial observations or faulty passages, incident to a Journal written as it were by the wayside, would have changed its character. As it is, the reader may be assured, that he has before him a faithful representation of the feelings and thoughts of the friend whom he has lost.

TORQUAY, Dec., 1850.





## Journal, &c.

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I LEFT England at half-past four P.M. on the 4th of October, 1847, on board of H.M.S. Antelope. On the 9th we steamed up the Tagus, and anchored at Lisbon. On the 11th I went to Cintra, with a large party:—just worth visiting and no more. Sailed on the 12th: spent the 14th at Gibraltar; visited the galleries in the rock, which, as works of art, are very wonderful. On the evening of the 18th we reached the Bay of Tunis. The city itself is poor; it lacks the minarets and fret-work of the grated windows which bespeak the Eastern town, and at the same time possesses their narrow streets and unpaved lanes, with five times their smell and filth. Many a

pleasant hour did I spend roaming over the site of what once was Carthage, and pic-nic-ing on the spot where might have stood the palace of the mighty Dido. Nought now remains to tell of Phœnician splendours, or bear witness to what was Pygmalion's wealth—they are wrapt in oblivion and mother earth. The cisterns are the only ruins which now exist of Carthage—they are very perfect ; the stucco is still upon the walls. Lately, a number of columns have been excavated, under the direction of our Consul, Sir Thomas Reade ; from whom I, as well as all the other passengers, received much civility and attention. We left Tunis on Sunday, the 24th, and reached Malta on the following day.

All know thy barren rock and visage gay,  
Most fair Valette, Queen of these tideless waves,  
Bedizen'd as thou art with bristling battery  
And winding stair, where pace in blind security  
The British legions' chosen sentinels ;  
While watch below the stately battle ships,  
Whose brave tars love to be outnumber'd two to one,  
And still to pipe all hands to victory.

•

Where are we now? The white cliffs of our seagirt Isle, and the rugged coast of the neighbouring Gaul, have long faded from our view. Ushant's grim Isle has ceased to light the helmsman's trackless path, and "Biscay's sleepless bay" no longer troubles the landsman's restless stomach. Ortegal, Finisterre, St. Vincent, and Trafalgar, no more stretch their stony headlands into the billowy deep, and the beauties which Lisboa has unfolded have sunk into the dim distance of a thousand miles. We have steered through the Pillars of Hercules; the land of Quixotic enterprise and enchanting serenade has vanished from our sight, and we gaze in vain for the savage loom of Algeria's rocky coast. The Mediterranean lies like a sleeping giant; the blue waves roll on—ever and anon the fitting zephyr curls a dimpled smile on their majestic face. Ha! what land is that upon our starboard bow? What low line of coast is visible? What spiry speck is that which

rises heavenward from its misty site? Know, traveller, the land you gaze on, is the land of Ham. Where those walls rise, there stood the mighty Alexander's pride; and that small speck, grown larger now, still marks the spot where, dressed in the garb of Roman avarice and ambition, Pompey fell!

## EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"Malta, Oct. 27, 1847.

"Moreton and I leave this together on Monday next, the 1st of November, by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer for Alexandria. Mohammed (the Arab dragoman) is now arranging our stores; and if thirty-five pounds of powder and a cartload of cold lead won't frighten Mohammed Ali's crocodiles, I know not what will."

"Alexandria, Nov. 7, 1847.

"This dispatch will bring you intelligence of my arrival in the land of Pharaohs and Ptolemies, safe and well. We had a bad passage in the "Indus,"—first three days awfully rough—seas washing over the paddle-boxes, and swimming on the main deck, and all that sort of thing. I lay fifty-four hours in my boots, without touching sustenance, save tea and a crust; and Moreton, who is a capital sailor, was not over happy. The vessel very crowded, I was one of three stowed into the engineer's cabin; met several old acquaintances on board out of the 145 passengers in a ship of only 1370 tons

burden! There is nothing to be seen in this town—the site of the old one, Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needles, and Aboukir Bay, constitute its only lions."

"Musr el Ka-hira (Italicè Cairo), Nov. 16, 1847.

"Alexandria, half Oriental and half Frank, is in itself an uninteresting town, and right glad we were to get away from it by boat for Cairo. After twenty-four hours in the Mahmoudieh Canal, we steered into Father Nile, the river of Egypt—the river that ran with blood—and then, for the first time, entered a land not only celebrated for profane associations, but intimately connected with Divine revelation and God's chosen people. How curious it is, that in all the Egyptian hieroglyphics, which now are completely understood, and have almost entirely been deciphered, there should be no mention or allusion to the captivity of the children of Israel.

"This is a most delightful city. It has much more of an Oriental character than Alexandria. The streets are narrow but tolerably clean, some almost dark; the lofty houses, with barred and grated windows, jut out over the lanes so as almost to exclude daylight; in some places it is like looking up out of a mine. The Hotel is situated in what is called Usbekeyeh, a sort of Cairene 'Place de la Concorde,' surrounded with an acacia walk, in which there is a perpetual puffing of chibouques, hookahs, and nargilehs. We have just been to the citadel, and had a most splendid view of the city and surrounding country, with Pyramids and Father Nile in the back ground, surrounded by the gray loom of the eternal desert. It would make a splendid panorama. Every-

## 6 PETRIFIED FOREST—SLAVE MARKET.

where you go—mosque, garden, or bazaar—you quite fancy yourself walking in one of those towns which before you thought only existed in Scheherazade's fancy; indeed, it is universally acknowledged to resemble in character, at the present day, Bagdad in the time of Haroun al Raschid—narrow streets and gaudy bazaars full of chattering Arabs and clumsy Turks, in all the airy drapery of Eastern costumes; the gardens, too, with fountains and spacious pavilions of alabaster; luxurious divans; groves of oranges, and hedges of myrtle. I saw those of Mehemet Ali at Shoobra, four miles from Cairo; they were far more like fairy land than anything I had imagined.

“One of the principal sights of the vicinity is what is called the Petrified Forest. It consists of trees of stone, in pieces, some of ten or twelve feet long, covering six or seven miles of the desert. It is about eight miles from Cairo. I found and brought away one most curious specimen\*. The grain of the wood is perfect still, and also, I affirm, there is to be seen where—before petrification—the wood has been chopped, perhaps by an antediluvian axe.

“I yesterday saw the Slave Market—nothing but what is saddening, humiliating, and disgusting. Half a dozen Nubian boys huddled together in a court-yard, and the same number of Abyssinian demoiselles in a small chamber aloft, with their hair matted about an inch thick in sheep fat, is not a pleasing sight, not to speak of the additional association of knowing that the chains of bondage are about their necks, that each immortal soul

\* Presented by the Writer to the British Museum.

is bought and sold in this mart of human iniquity by men who dare to reduce to the level of brutes that body that was fashioned after the image of their Creator.

"We have engaged a boat for £30 a month, including captain (the Reis) and fourteen men. It was sunk to-day, and in about twelve days we shall be ready to weigh anchor, hoist the Jack, and start for Wady Halfeh."

"Cairo, Nov. 17.

"To-day I smoked a pipe with Mehemet Ali. We have all along contemplated our Consul introducing us on a levee day, but there happens to be a nobleman in Cairo now, called Samee Pasha, who was in London this spring, and knew Moreton. He sent to ask him to call on him at nine this morning, and also if he had any friend he should be very happy to see him. We accordingly mounted our donkeys. Arrived at the gate of a large garden; at both ends were large buildings, one of which was his own habitation, and the other that of his harem. In the middle of the garden, looking on to a large lake, was a small pavilion, surrounded with a most luxurious divan; to this we were conducted. Immediately black slaves brought in splendid pipes, and with it they presented most diminutive little cups of coffee in gold salvers. On the entrance of our host, a very gentlemanlike old man, who only spoke French, the same ceremony was repeated, and we all puffed together in token of peace and good fellowship. He told us to be at the citadel an hour after sunset, and he would present us. Accordingly, at six, in a carriage (we dispensed with our asses for this visit), with two outrunners, one carrying a large torch of pine, and the other a whip

which he kept cracking to clear the way, we proceeded to the palace. We were received in the waiting-room by Samee and his brother, who is governor of Cairo, and conducted to the presence of 'Son Altesse.' Cross-legged, in the corner of a very handsome room, on the divan, reclined the Pasha of Egypt. He is a man of small stature, but a very expressive countenance, and milk-white beard. His eye is a beautiful mild gray colour, but the mouth is stern, and somewhat cunningly cruel in its expression. On the whole, the mildness of the eye predominates. He made us sit on each side of him. He talked about the 'Barrage' (works at the head of the Delta), and a railroad or canal across the Isthmus of Suez. On leaving, he shook hands with us. He keeps no court. There were only present the interpreter, his son Alim Bey, Samee Pasha and his brother, and two or three other Beys. Our pipes were of the most splendid description; no one smoked but 'Son Altesse' and ourselves."

"Cairo, Nov. 22.

"I went to-day to the site of ancient Heliopolis. An immense obelisk now marks alone its former situation. It was the 'On' of Genesis, and the University of Egyptian science. Plato, Eudoxus, Herodotus, were there as M.A.'s. Near it they also show a tree, under which Joseph and Mary with our Saviour are said to have rested on their flight into Egypt. It is regarded with great veneration by the Copts, and has undoubtedly been preserved with great care for ages. I need scarcely add, that the only authority is the muddy stream of tradition, with which this land of Ham is as plentifully irrigated as by Father Nile.



"One of the most curious things that I have seen, was a Coptish wedding, which M. and I and the gentlemen in the Hotel all attended. We went to the bride's house at eight P.M., where a long procession was formed on each side of the street, each holding a lighted candle in one hand, and a chibouque in the other. We walked sideways very slowly to the bridegroom's habitation: drums, fifes, and torches, headed and closed the procession, which extended at least one hundred yards. The bride, clothed in gold and jewels, carrying a fortune upon her back, marched in the centre, preceded by boys in scarlet, with gold censers of frankincense, and followed by half-a-dozen hooded old duennas. During the march, the guests are well watered with myrrh, aloes, and cassia. On arrival, the bride is conducted at once to the hareem, and the bridegroom has to entertain his guests till sunrise by publicly having his head shaved, and keeping a constant supply of pipes, coffee, and arabee. The procession at night has a very pretty effect—on a small scale, shows the ancient splendour of the 'Feast of Lanterns.'"

"Cairo, Nov. 25.

"I shall be able hereafter to describe minutely the 'boat;' but may as well enumerate the crew, that you may be familiar with names, &c.; they consist of the Reis, the steersman, and twelve able-bodied tars, Nubians mostly; Mohammed Abd el attil, the dragoman; Mustapha, the cook; Ferag, a little black Nubian slave, whose office answers to that of valet and chibouquier, or pipe-lighter; two young monkeys, and a cat."

CAIRO, Nov. 26.—I have written so much to various quarters on my first impressions of this mysterious region, that I have not patience to eke out new ideas, or clothe the old ones in fresh language. With the exception of the Pyramids, I have visited almost every object of interest in Cairo and its vicinity, all of which have been described twice over at least, and they are well and deeply engraven upon the tablets of my memory, therefore they may live their day there, instead of in the pages of this Journal.

*Sunday*, Nov. 28.—Heard a very striking sermon, from a Mr. Allen, on those prophecies of Daniel which touch upon the end of time. Took notes. Copy of them in C. P. Book.

THE BOAT, Dec. 8.—On Tuesday morning, Nov. 30, Moreton and I left Rhoda Island, four miles south of Cairo, where we had anchored for the night. This boat travelling depends for speed entirely on the wind. If that important element be contrary, or if it

is quite calm, we seldom by tracking make more than ten, twelve, or fifteen miles a day. In going up the Nile, it is the traveller's object to make as much way as he can, therefore stoppages for the sake of sight-seeing are dispensed with till he begins to descend the river, for then he can better command his time, as the stream, which generally flows about three miles an hour, is then favourable. The monotony of our daily routine does not afford much matter for the journal writer. Making sallies after wild geese and divers, which are seen in immense flocks, has been our principal amusement. The most common birds as yet seen have been the wild pigeon, the spear-winged plover, the egret, and a sort of sandpiper or river snipe. In the Delta, vultures, hawks, and all that tribe, are very plentiful; there are a few of the white ibis and paddy bird. The palm groves teem with turtle-doves and numerous small birds, when there are any fields of Indian corn

in the neighbourhood. Some are very pretty—bright green, with long tails—the bee-eater.

There is sameness in the banks of the Nile. Narrow strips of cultivated land, interspersed with frequent villages and palm groves, are the only views which greet the stranger's eye. The Nile itself is a noble river: in places very broad. I do not wonder at the veneration which the inhabitants of this clime have always had for their broad-flowing stream. It is well called "Father Nile," for to it not only do those who dwell by its banks owe their daily bread, but their country derives its origin and existence from the fact of the Nile flowing through it; otherwise it were nought but a part of that boundless desert by which it is encompassed.

Yesterday, Dec. 7, we had our first little adventure. Our boatmen were attacked by three of the common people with clubs, as they were tracking along the bank; after a short skirmish, in which some sharp blows

were exchanged, the sailors proved victorious, and the assailants decamped, leaving us in possession of a hoe and a most formidable bludgeon. On anchoring for the night, we complained to the Sheik of the village, who came down to our boat soon after; and at the same time appeared two of the vanquished foe to demand the restitution of their weapons. In the space of five minutes they were tried, condemned, and the sentence of bastinado carried into execution upon the shore. After pipes and coffee, the Sheik became very communicative, and still more so after he had finished a bottle of cherry-brandy and maraschino which were offered him. In return for our hospitality and a pound of gunpowder, he made us a present of a sheep; it was valued at thirty piastres—about six shillings.

The sailors amuse themselves after sunset by singing and sometimes dancing. Their only instrument is a tambour. The airs are

some of the wildest that it was ever my fortune to hear, and their voices are for the most part discordant ; but as they all sit in a circle and chant (for it is more like chanting) their native strains, which they accompany at intervals by a clapping of the hands, it is by no means unpleasing. It carries you back to the days of old, of your own forefathers, when the Saxon's blazing hall re-echoed with the song of the self-taught minstrel, or the jovial foresters chorused a roundelay in honour of their own bold deeds on the green sward.

Dec. 11.—We have now accomplished two stages of our southernward journey, viz., Cairo to Benisouef, seventy-seven miles ; from thence to Minyeh, eighty-two miles ; and are in a fair way of speedy progression in the third, yclept Essiout, ninety-four miles, as the wind is now blowing favourable breezes. Oh, the delight of seeing the canvas bend over the mast, and our boat shoot swiftly

through the stream, after enduring the misery of a week's tracking and punting, by which means we seldom made more than ten or twelve miles a day! On the whole, it is all very delightful. Few know the ease and luxury of a boat on the Nile. Many a Leicestershire fox-hunter would leave his saddle, and many a Norfolk sportsman uncock his Joe Manton, to spend three months of his life in the land of mummies. Here he would find a most agreeable combination of the active and the contemplative. To the admirer of nature, as well as the explorer of antiquarian art, vast indeed are the fields for observation and research. Here, too, the ennuyé may find amusement, and the afflicted relief—and by the warm suns of Egypt may many a pale sufferer's cheek be bronzed with the rude bloom of health. Even to any, though but slightly acquainted with antiquarian lore or architectural details, there is much to interest, amuse, and instruct, in the

“river tour.” Pursuits of your own in the boat you must have, to while away the precious time ; but, free from the cares of home, and the rubs of everyday life, where can the wanderer more calmly lay his head than in his bark on the Nile, after having spent his day in the profitable pursuits of literature, interspersed with a calm survey of the beauties of nature, the palm grove, the Arab hamlet with its noisy denizens, the waving corn and sugar-cane—those offspring of Father Nile ? The pipe, too, and cup of Mocha coffee, have a charm which no words can tell ; and they alone who have lived in Eastern climes can testify to their soothing attributes.

Dec. 12.—As I am determined not to make a hero of our dragoman, or recount the artistic skill of our cuisinier, like many travellers who wish to swell their pages, I fear many days may pass without having matter of sufficient merit to record ; for I own the good bargains and sharp speeches of the one, and the savoury



messes, produced from almost nothing, of the other, are the great events of many days. I will add, just for the benefit of futurity, Let not your English palate scorn a dish of turtle-doves and onions!

We were at Essiout to-day. It is nominally the capital of Upper Egypt, and somewhat resembles Cairo, but is a very poor imitation of that Arab metropolis. It was the ancient Lycopolis, or City of Wolves; and there are grottos in the neighbourhood which we shall visit on our return.

Dec. 19.—THEBES.—We arrived here yesterday, after a voyage of eighteen days from Cairo; which is less than an average voyage ought to be estimated at. We first proceeded to Luxor, where, in an Arab village, are the ruins of an old temple of considerable size and magnificence. It is difficult at first, even with the help of Sir G. Wilkinson, to make out the whole site of the temple, for it seems like pillars, ruined arches, walls, colonnades, dot-

ted about in various directions—grand, indeed, in their vastness as in their decay, but without any order, which at once would captivate the eye, and present the unique and perfect appearance of a mythological structure.

Here we met a Mr. Peterick and a Turkish officer, who are going to the confines of Abyssinia on an exploring expedition. The former is an Englishman, but in the Pasha's pay, and three years' residence in the country has rendered him quite a Turk in dress and manners. They are going to survey the furthest limits of the Pasha's domains, as well as some of the adjoining states in the interior. There is great danger in going up the White Nile. They dined with us; the old Turk behaved pretty well on the whole, though he was not quite *au fait* with his knife and fork, and after dinner was considerably affected with wind on the stomach, which he scrupled not to avow in broader terms than would have suited European delicacy. By the way,

I hear that it is considered a great compliment paid to the host, as it shows that his guest is satisfied!! I may also remark, that during our interview with Mehemet Ali at Cairo, we were saluted in a similar way.

In the evening Moreton and I rode to Carnac to see the immense ruins, or rather piles of ruins, by moonlight, which, like "fair Melrose," ought to be seen by her soft and refulgent beams. For any topographical account of this wondrous pile, I must refer to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, Champollion, Professor Rosellini, and others, whose ponderous tomes may convey a sufficient if not a just idea of its stupendous size. I should recommend other travellers to see it by daylight first, and know what it is they are to see, before they gaze on the moon's pale orb from among a forest of columns: roofless, like withering trunks they stand, to attest the gigantic splendour of bygone ages. Bygone, indeed, for there have they stood for

near four thousand years. On every one there seems inscribed, "The world is grown old, and her pleasures are past." May we not add, "The world is grown old, and the judgment is near?" It was indeed a fanciful and a picturesque sight, as we stood in a group with our donkeys, and the wild Arabs kindled a straw fire in the ancient hall, to look up into the arched vault of heaven from among these massive pillars—those hoary supporters of an idolatrous creed, covered as they are with incisions of the historian's chisel, which hand down to unborn ages the fate and name alike of king and deity. The pillars, (and roof where any remains) are all covered with hieroglyphical inscriptions, many fresh and sharp as the day on which they were carved. They are 66 feet high, and the hall is 275 by 329 feet. We saw the inscription now discovered to be "Melek Jehoida," "King of the Jews," which represents Rehoboam and the Israelites taken pri-

soners by Shishak—the only inscription yet found which relates to the Jewish nation. The ruins are of great extent, and there are yet traces of an avenue of sphinxes which lead the whole way to Luxor, a distance of a mile and a half. Of Thebes again, when I have seen the whole. Met a Balliol acquaintance, Birley, and a Mr. Carr, returning from Abou Simbel. They dined with us to-day, and we spent an agreeable evening. As the wind has just got up, off we start on our southward journey.

*Christmas Day.*—Off we did start from Thebes, but finding ourselves the next morning comfortably lodged on a sand-bank, where we had passed the night, and not having left Thebes more than a mile, we shouldered our guns for a day's sporting, and returned to our old anchorage at Luxor. The next three days were spent in most successful expeditions after the "pin-tailed" grouse, and snipe, duck, &c., which inhabit a marsh beyond.

Moreton killed, in three hours of first-rate sport, twenty-one couple of snipe, one brace of grouse, and a bittern. I was successful with partridges, and had not to wade for my trouble. I shot a stilt-legged plover one day, one of the rarest birds known in England, and not common all over the world. Our party was augmented by the arrival of several other boats from the north, and Mr. Hammond, of the Scotch Greys, and Mr. Hopkins, coming from the south—both very agreeable Englishmen of the better sort of travellers—better, compared with the tribe of Yankees, Swedes, Poles, Austrians, that we have met—but why should I compare? more particularly as I have done so with a prejudiced nationality.

We left Thebes on the 23rd, and reached Esneh the following day. Here, by our compact made in Cairo, we were obliged to stay forty hours for the sailors to bake bread. There is a temple, lately excavated by Mehe-

met Ali's orders, of considerable interest. It is perfect, of an oblong shape, supported by eighteen massive pillars, the capitals of which I noticed as all different—the patterns of some of them remarkably simple and elegant, partaking much of the Doric style, which was probably borrowed from the Egyptian art. Sir G. Wilkinson mentions that there is the name of Amunoph II. on one of the pillars, by whom he supposes it built. There are also names of many of the Cæsars. This town is said to be remarkably healthy; Mehemet Ali, who has a palace here, gains a pound in weight whenever he resides in it—as Mohammed informed us. This is also the great resort of the Almeh and Gawazee\* who have been banished from Cairo, and, consequently, presents to a traveller's eye the profligate appearance of an European town, rather than the void of feminine faces so universal in an Eastern city.

\* Singing and dancing girls.

26th.—This has been a Sunday—calm, quiet, peaceful Sunday. We have had a beautiful breeze all day, and sailed along in this heaven-born climate, with cloudless sky and fanning gale, till fancy would sometimes paint the eternal summer of a golden age. And such a sunset! I have never before seen the different hues of red and crimson so varied and so distinct: with violet blue and violet red to the deepest blood red and fiery orange tint, all the western heavens were for some minutes suffused!—it *was* magnificent! Yesterday we followed our national custom of a Christmas feast, and, in the evening, gave the Arab sailors some Malta wine, with which they were rather inebriated. We are now anchored for the night at Edfou, where there are temples, and a marsh of great note; so to-morrow we combine the sportsman and the antiquary. In spite of the want of those aids to devotion, yclept parson and clerk—in spite of the absence of those village bells to call us to the



house of our God—a few Sundays on the Nile may not be unprofitable. They necessarily produce a contemplative mood. We have in the mind's eye other nations and creeds than that with which our lives are identified; we think of ourselves more humbly, and judge our actions more severely. Not that I do not think continual change most prejudicial to the well-being of the internal state, which alone can be kept in a state of progressive improvement when regulated by fixed habits and unchanging rules.

28th. — Arrived at Hadjar Silsili, or as the Arabs call it, Djèbel Silsili. Still a fresh breeze, so we shall sail merrily on. This has been rather a dull day. Why I don't know, for in literary pursuits I have had plenty to occupy me. Yesterday we went to the Marsh at Edfou. What a place for the ornithologist—birds of all sorts, especially of the duck and water tribes. M. killed ducks, teal, and snipe. I care less than ever about

shooting; but as I mounted my donkey, did sigh several times for Forester\*, thought of "Jem Hill" and "the Heythrop," and my happy Oxford hunting days. What a misfortune for these denizens of musty Egypt never to have heard the cry of a pack of fox-hounds, or seen a stone wall and rasping bullfinch! I am sure it would elevate their national character, and would do no harm to the real Bedawee, the wild birds of the desert, to cram their steeds over a stiff deep vale. What an effect field sports have upon the energies and character of a people! Here are these toiling slaves, without any amusement or recreation whatever. Without even an acknowledged Sunday as a day of rest—toil, toil, toil through the livelong year, taxed to extortion; every pitance which they gain above their daily bread is so much more to the Pasha's pocket: they will do anything—run away, hide, maim themselves, to avoid being soldiers! equally to avoid

\* A horse of his own.

the labour of the manufactory. How can such a race fail to be the lowest in the scale of social improvement? They will stand insult without a murmur, and the blows and stripes of one superior or stronger than they are, with the submission of a dog, which will howl, and at the same instant lick his master's hand and fondle for a caress. They are truly a degraded people, and well worthy of being inhabitants of that country which is called "the basest of kingdoms." I did not intend running into a dissertation on the Arabs of Egypt; but as I have done so, it is but just to say, that it is only the fellahs, or common people, of whom I speak or have had any experience. But I think we cannot conclude favourably of the magnates of any land if this be a true picture of its population. Mehemet Ali's government will stand forth to the world as a testimony of the failure, total and decisive, of any system of amelioration which would force the social condition of a people

out of its due course and time. His improvements were based upon a wrong principle, and as they (improvements) must be gradual if they are to endure, so, if not commenced with the idea of the general welfare of the whole population, they would be as ephemeral as the day on which they were conceived. It is not a well-filled exchequer only which betokens a prosperous state. It is not a large standing army or a well-manned fleet. It is not great public works, canals, embankments, tall chimneys rising here and there, amid their accompaniments of disease and dirt, which necessarily involves the security, fair wages, and consequently comfort and happiness of the multitude—far from it; especially when that revenue is snatched from the very mouths of his ill-fed people—that army and that fleet manned by dragging the boor from his mud hovel and the Nubian from his tropical home; and those works, erected at the expense of the life of every subject upon

whom he can lay hold. Oh, the horrors of a despotism!

Dec. 31.—THE CATARACTS.—The last day of the old year. What a romantic spot to glide out of the old year into its new-born child! What numerous reminiscences does it not call forth? All the events that have passed, all those that are to come. What will 1848 bring forth? May it find a serious improvement in me—not vague, fluttering, and uncertain—but a fixed, steady, onward march towards the goal of eternity, with that bright light that gleams behind it—everlasting happiness in heaven.

We left Essouan to-night, and sailed to the first gate of the cataracts by sunset, where we moored for the night, and are secured to a rocky islet in the middle of the stream which roars around us. Strange scene, in truth. The Nile in character is quite changed, and nature too, as regards the country. The rocks appearing all over the river, almost blocking up

the channel, seem to deny any further advance to the adventurous voyager. The sides of the river bear no traces of the industrious hand of man. In vain do you look for the green margin of cultivated land, which flanks the Egyptian Nile. All is desert now. Black shapeless masses of granite rise in all directions, remarkable not so much for their size as for hideous and unnatural proportions and combinations. Now we are in the land of Cush, the modern kingdom of Berbery. The space of four miles of cataract was, I believe, always considered as neutral ground by the Egyptians and Ethiopians of old. It is now inhabited by Nubians.

Jan. 3, 1848.—On the morning of the 1st we were safely towed through the first gate of the cataracts, by at least eighty or one hundred naked Nubians, under the command of their Reis, and there were obliged to stop, as the wind would not get up with sufficient force

to waft us on to the second and more rapid cataract. We spent that day and the morning of the next, moored to a wild rock, with the stream rushing among the myriad islets, and roaring amidst the rocks. On the afternoon of the 2nd we overcame all our difficulties, and moored, without the least injury to the boat, at the island of Philæ. It is a very amusing and interesting spectacle to see the Nubians get a boat of any size up the Cataracts. They shout and leap from rock to rock with great speed, and then plunge into the rapid with the nonchalance of a crocodile. It is as much their natural element as air. Wilson and Thorold dined with us on the 1st, and took letters, as they were returning from Wady Halfeh.

On Sunday afternoon we mounted donkeys and rode back to Essouan. Found three English boats just come in, among them an old Eton and Oxford acquaintance—Hammersley. Sailed from all-interesting Philæ

on Sunday night. There is now a great change from the climate of Lower Egypt. Thermometer above 70° Fahr., in the mornings and evenings.

THE BOAT, January 9th.—We are now near the end of our voyage; the turning point is fast closing on our advancing sails—only forty miles or a little more from Wady Halfeh; beyond which this noble stream is no longer to be ploughed by the Nubian bark, or by our comfortable embargo.

On the morning of the 6th we reached Korosko, and found Peterick and the Turk encamped on the shore. They were to start the next day for their expedition to the interior. All the bustle of the caravan was visible on shore. Wild Nubians, with their long matted hair; camels about to groan under their ponderous burdens; packages strewn here and there; guns, swords, pistols, glittering on the sand; all the numerous paraphernalia of one who would penetrate the mys-



teries of the interior. He is in the Pasha's service, and is an engineer going to look for coal, or anything else, upon the banks of the White and Blue Nile. A pretty trick Mr. Mohammed played us—never let the boat wait, and we had to get on in the dingy as we could. A hot pull, under a burning sun, of four or five miles. Moreton walked.

On Friday evening we reached Ibream. As an American boat was there on return, we stopped and lionized the ruins with its occupants, a Mr. Anderson and son, one of Yankee Doodle's most respectable scions, an intelligent gentleman of forty-five, or thereabouts, rather of the scientific turn; the bump of destructiveness strongly developed, I should fancy, from the huge hammer his dragoman carried, and with which he mercilessly chopped away at old stones, pillars, cornices, &c. The town was on the top of a very high cliff, and commands the river and surrounding country. Its name in the Roman time was Premis, and

it was then of much import—has been garrisoned at most periods.

On Saturday the 8th we met De Grill and friend returning. As there was no wind, they stopped and dined with us. We bought a gazelle at Toske, and thence named it.

I have just been reading Wilberforce's life. Have not read many biographies, certainly, and those I have, of private individuals, more for the sake of gaining an insight into the times they lived in, and the state of society as it then existed; but this man's history is really calculated to do good, comes home to the heart in one continued and unostentatious flush of usefulness and virtue. Here is real goodness—faith and good works perpetually blended with the rough course of an active life. He begins in earnest, grows more fervent and more lowly day by day, and, with the salvation of his soul and the glory of his God ever before his eyes, attains that peace in the vale of years, that peace of mind which the

world cannot give or take away. It *is* a lesson—may I profit by it. We read the lives of warriors, and statesmen, and literati; but I question if any would show that most beautiful of morals, of being dead to the world while in the world.

Monday, 10th. —To day we went to the Rock Temple at Abou Symbal, allowed to be without exception the finest ruin of early times extant in Egypt, except Carnac. Before the great temple are four enormous sitting statues, hewn out of the rock, twenty-one feet broad across the shoulders, and the ear three feet five inches in length. The sculptures in the inside are the victories of Rameses the Great, and are very spirited—at least so said to be. The great hall is supported by eight columns of Osiris, and there are inner chambers. The small temple is perfect—something of the same sort but on a smaller scale. Carved my name in the larger temple.

Jan. 13th.—I have now to chronicle the

events and facts that happen to the "homeward-bound." Joyous name in itself—and but one little natural feeling of regret do I feel in retracing my steps over this all-soothing trip. We reached Wady Halfeh on the 11th, and on the following day set off in the dingy up the Cataracts, or rather to the rock in the middle of them, on the right bank, from which there is a very extensive view over the surrounding country. In themselves these cataracts pleased me more than the first that are dignified by that name. There is not so much of the grandeur and size of the huge shapeless masses of rock, and strong flowing current, as seen above Essouan ; nor are there the islands of Philæ and Elephantina—the one famed in history's oldest page, and the other fraught with the mysteries of priestcraft—to excite the traveller's emotions for the faded days of yore. But here, over a sheet of water two miles broad and many more in length, the eye meets with a forest of rocks,

small, 't is true, in the distance, but so studded as completely to stop navigation. They are much more covered with a leafy green, so delightful to English eyes, than other parts of Nubia. The lowly tamarisk (*Humilesque myricæ* of Virgil) blooms with as much vigour as it would in more genial climes than desert Berbery. The rock itself has been for a quarter of a century the terminus of European enterprise for Nilotic "exploratores," and few are the daring spirits who have ventured beyond; though now, under Mehemet Ali, it is quite safe for a Frank to travel as far as Khartoum, on the junction of the two Niles, and even up the Blue River, without much difficulty. The White is still but little known, except by merchants. Upon the rock are a host of names, from Burckhardt and Belzoni to Wilkinson and Eliot Warburton. There is also a Gloucestershire clique, consisting of R. Elwes and Ralph Dutton; and now may be seen our own, which, emulous for fame, we

carved upon the face of the bold granite. I went over to the other side of the river this morning, and visited a caravan of merchants from Kurdofan. Their stores consisted of slaves, cinnamon, ivory, and ostrich feathers. In the two latter I invested rather largely, having ivory in view for the lathe. In the evening had a little adventure, and was the innocent means of saving a poor man from being bastinadoed — have detailed it in a letter.

“ January 13th.

“ On strolling on the shore to-day, I saw a crowd of natives round a sort of hovel, and found that the Governor was holding his court on those who would not pay taxes; an unfortunate Sheik lay bound before the door, and two Jack Ketches had tied up his feet from the knee, and, with whips, were just beginning to bastinado the soles of his feet. In his cries he appealed to me, by ‘ Ya, hawajah,’ or, Oh, gentleman. Calling all my Arabic to my aid, through the Effendis I went and saluting the Governor ‘ à la Turque’—that is, touching the beard and forehead—I shouted ‘ Bes, bes,’ (enough, enough,) pointing to the poor man. With true Turkish politeness, he immediately stopped the punishment, and the man got off with twenty instead of five hundred cuts, which had been ordered him. He was a real ‘ mauvais sujet,’ I

hear, and will get it again when our boat is gone, as he owes 300 piastres—£3. The Governor made me sit by him; we had pipes and coffee; and he paid us a visit in the evening, and drank like a fish."

At 12 o'clock we started north. Our manner of going is totally changed. All the uncertainty of wind at an end. The main-yard is taken down and the lateen sail furled, and in lieu thereof a double row of ten oars, rigged along the deck. We thus pull and float down the stream, night and day, and I hear the average, unless there should be a head-wind, is about fifty miles in the twenty-four hours.

Jan. 22.—EDFOU.—I cannot describe the many temples visited since we left Wady Halfeh. To my eye they all much resemble each other, at least the only difference is the degree of ruin which time has bequeathed, as a legacy for the curious speculations of posterity on mementos of long-forgotten splendour! The grottos and quarries at Hadjar Silsili are worth a peep. The latter give a

just idea of the immenseness of Egyptian architecture.

The descent of the cataracts in a boat of any size is a most eventful epoch. To me it was a most thrilling and exciting two minutes—hardly to be equalled by the first struggles of a well-hooked salmon, when the reel whirls like lightning as he plunges through the stream; or running a fox in view over a quarter of a mile of a flat grass country, till “Who-hoop” proclaims both victory and death. Thank goodness, the steerage is held by a skilful hand, for the boat, once in the stream, rolls pitching and tossing through the rocky jaws of the “gate,” threatened every moment by some shifting current to be crashed against the savage granite walls which appear on all sides. Though I would not have missed the scene for a good deal, and would go down again if my fates were to will it, I confess I had a strong feeling of thankfulness when we were again gliding quietly in smooth



water. Our boat is a very long one, and we were obliged to pass the largest gate where the great body of the river pours down ; few travellers ever do it in their boats, as they are generally of a size to go through the common passage. Our Reis was much congratulated afterwards, and submitted to many a kiss on his bald pate. He attributed our success to a large charm which he wore the whole time. We have been for the last week in company with two boats, and so have "a little society," so to speak. Hammersley and Birley have exchanged with us mutual civilities in the shape of dinner and whist. The other party are an Irishman, a Canadian, and an American, travelling under an English flag. We hear they have quarrelled "*un peu*," and from appearances I do not wonder at it. I confess I give my vote at once in favour of Dublin and New York, to the exclusion of our colonial interest.

THE BOAT, 25th.—I must date this about twenty miles south of Thebes, whither I expect

to find myself to-morrow morning. We stopped Sunday at Esneh for the crew to bake bread ; and Monday were weather-bound by a strong north wind. Murray, our consul-general, and his brother the captain, came up in the night, and we all went pigeon shooting. To give some faint idea of the extent to which pigeon shooting may be carried, I may mention that the brothers killed three hundred and fifty in one day, with their own guns alone. To-day has been rather an event in my life. How well I remember my first shot at a deer in Scotland ; the throbbing heart and eager hand as we stealthily crept over the moss-grown stone, and peered upon the victims to an unerring shot ; though destined then to breathe again the wild air of the mountain, and in that too my adventure to-day coincides ; but I must not go too fast, especially as about to relate a traveller's tale, well garnished with the elegancies of diction, and coloured by a heightened imagination. Well,

as I strolled leisurely with my gun on my shoulder, about a mile inland from the river, in quest of game of any sort that might cross my path, my expectations, if I had any, were on the chance of picking up a stray quail, but my thoughts I own were far away in the land that nourished me, and I fell into a dreamy reverie on well-known spots and still better loved faces, and I fancied myself walking and talking some 4000 miles athwart the briny main. But,—to follow the course of my walk rather than the train of thought which fond fancy conjured up,—I found myself up to the knees in a patch of high rushes and coarse grass, and “in the twinkling of a bed-post” a sharp rustling betokened the presence of some animal in my immediate neighbourhood. Now for a hare, as click went the cock of the gun; but it was larger than a hare that was moving slowly in the highest of the covert; my gun was at my shoulder, when out trotted a huge wolf, about twelve or fifteen

yards off. Whiz went one barrel at his hind quarters, a sort of European salute not so well known in the other continents, and he disappeared in another thick patch of jungle. I fancied myself a tiger hunter, so often read of in Indian fables with wonder and admiration, but not so well appreciated by all who find themselves in the same predicament as "the heroic lady and the parasol." My poor wolf, however, I imagine, must have suffered as much from terror as the aforesaid tiger. I argue from sound premises; for as the wolf did not permit himself to be an inmate of my game bag, neither did he turn and make a luncheon off me, therefore he must have run away; animals run away through fear, my wolf is an animal, *ergo*, my wolf ran away through fear. I have not touched on the probability of having wounded him. I regret for my own credit, but rejoice for his skin, to have to affirm that he still lives as a future target for future sportsmen, and un-

scathed may feed on many more young Arabs. I only hope whoever does shoot him, that he will give them as much excitement as he gave me, who only shot *at* him; and as much amusement in detailing the account of it, as I have had in penning this absurd paragraph.

Feb. 10.—THE BOAT, NEAR KENEH.—We left Thebes on the 8th in company with Murray the consul and his brother the captain, and are now with them on a shooting foray. Spent a very pleasant twelve days at Thebes: the chief sights and events are chronicled in letters. Medinet Abou as a temple, and the tombs of the kings, are the most interesting of any wonders yet seen, Carnac excepted. The Captain, M., and I shot six geese at one rise yesterday; splendid sport. They dined with us yesterday, we dine with them to-day. No time for journal in length.

Feb. 11.—Left the Murrays last night and proceeded to Keneh, went this morning to the temple of Dendera. I should advise every

future traveller to visit it on his way up the Nile. Though only of Ptolemaic and Roman date, it is the most perfect of any that still exist in Egypt. The roof is still entire, and the walls hardly want one new coping-stone; in fact it is hardly a ruin. The sculptures are said to be badly executed, and the walls overloaded with hieroglyphics; but there is no building that I have seen, that gives so just and exact an idea of what was an Egyptian temple in its perfect state. Here is the pylon, the avenue, the portico with screens, naos, dromos, and adytum; all as complete and snug as in the days when they beheld the mysteries of an idolatrous priesthood. The portico pleased me. Despite of its modern date, and the sneers of archæologists, it must be a noble specimen of architecture. It is supported by twenty-four enormous columns. The capitals are said to be heavy in the extreme, while the abacus certainly resembles a square wafer or lozenge, and supports a gorgeously-

ornamented architrave of equal proportions with the columns : such no doubt are its faults, when viewed in detail ; but as a whole, it has a grand and imposing aspect. The portico of the temple of Dendera did strike me much, principally because it is not a ruin. I must keep it in my mind's eye to compare with other ruins of like date : may be, with Petra and Baalbec.

Feb. 15.—We left Essiout this morning. Shooting has been the principal occupation of the last three days, and with much success. Geese and ducks have fallen before our successful weapons. Yesterday's bag consisted of fifty wild pigeons, one pelican, one quail, and two cormorants ; to-day we have bagged five wild geese, seven ducks, and one teal ; what sport that would be thought in England !

Yesterday evening we invited the occupant of an Austrian boat, which was coming down the river, to partake of pipes and coffee, and spend the evening ; so we moored the two boats toge-

ther and floated down the stream. Our friend was an Austrian, or rather Milanese, and answered to the name of Count Salazar. He did not speak English, but has been in England several times, and gave us an amusing account of a visit he paid to Berkeley Castle many years ago, when its owner was Colonel Berkeley. How he was mounted on an old hunter, and went forth to see them "tuer le renard." His remembrances of the old vale were very vivid, and even to talk of it in these distant climes was to me no ordinary pleasure. At all events we had a most splendid French lesson, and with an occasional recurrence to the dictionary, managed to pass a very agreeable evening. Foreigners certainly are much more convivial and conversably inclined than the dull "Britishers." I envy that man his powers of entertainment.

THE BOAT, Feb. 20.—On the evening of this day we are about thirty miles from Cairo, and in all human probability shall awake to-



morrow morning to all the realities of civilized life. There is something melancholy in bidding adieu to any spot where you have found enjoyment, no matter how short the time; how much more, then, am I grieved at leaving my quiet watery home, where I have passed a quarter of a year, and relinquishing the calm contemplative life which it has given me. There will always be a pleasure in looking back on it; and may there be always a feeling of deep thankfulness for all the not unprofitable enjoyment which it has caused me. I came for health, I find it daily. Books, sports of the field, agreeable companions, new people, new country, strange manners—all have passed before me; what thousands of new ideas have they not called forth! Deep is the responsibility incurred; mine is the guilt, if I have not profited as I ought.

The last thing we visited were the tombs or grottos of Beni Hassan on the 17th; they are hewn out of the rock, and in the interior

resemble the tombs of the kings at Thebes, though they are far inferior : we were then in company with Clive, Perry, Bridgeman, and Co., and have kept with them since, dining and giving dinners. I cannot conclude my Nilotic voyage, without bearing testimony to the many agreeable acquaintances made on the river and at Cairo ; whether they will last, or ever be renewed, is another thing ; and enterprising youths who have shaken hands on the banks of the Nile may meet again and cross paths as friends or foes, among the shoals of maturer life—who shall say nay ?

As grave an incident as any that has happened to us, took place to-day, and, as it will be the last, I shall recount it faithfully and in detail. We commenced a race with an Arab corn-boat, which like ourselves was Cairo bound ; the sailors of both vessels pulling with a mutual good-will and jealousy to boot. Our adversary was gaining considerably, when we neared, and our boat was steering right on

to her. Moreton rushed to the rudder to prevent our running her down, for being heavily laden she would probably have sunk, but unfortunately tripped on the gangway, and overboard he went. The stream took us round at that instant, and we were jammed broadside to broadside. The fight began in earnest: one of our men boarded, and was knocked down; another jumped to the rescue, and half a dozen clubs descended on him rapidly. I was mending a pen on deck and enjoying the row, not having seen Moreton go overboard, but when I saw the turn affairs had taken, and the savage brutality of the other boatmen, my blood "biled," I seized a stick, and said "Yellah" to the rescue. In a minute our men were pulled back, and the boats were unloosed; we tried to grapple again, but their sail was set, and we just missed them. Clive then turned his course, and an interesting piece of manœuvering ensued. After a short chase, the enemy hove to, and we all three steered for

shore ; after some angry discussion three of the corn-boat's crew were delivered up to be licked, and well did their violence deserve it : one of our crew was badly cut ; on board our boat were two or three huge brick-bats—and an adze (an awful weapon), which they had thrown on board in the scuffle : the latter we keep as a trophy.

Now then, old Nile, farewell. I shall not forget thee and the calm hours that have sped by, as I dozed in a dreamy delirium upon thy gentle waters. Where'er I may roam, what other climes I may visit, whether in the forests of the far west, or in the toiling avocation which may be in store for me at home, 'twill be a soothing moment when memory recalls this sunny era in my existence, and fancy paints again those feathery palms which fringe the margin of thy broad deep stream. 'Twill be something to look back upon, as a brief space allowed in the short span of life, before the cares of manhood hurry on, to recruit the

weakened frame, and gain vigour for the vapid mind to struggle in time for the joys of eternity. Once more, farewell—whether the life which is in store for me may resemble thy waves, when the fitful gusts of Boreas eddy over the stream, or when the noontide sun pours its resplendent beams upon thy lipping current, it matters not; one thing is certain, we have both an onward journey to perform. Forward is our course, and certain is the goal, till time and space are left behind. Farewell.

“Cairo, Feb. 21.

“We arrived here to-day safe and well, after a most prosperous and felicitous expedition. Moreton is not going into Syria, but takes a house in Cairo to-morrow. I live with him as long as I stay here. There is a caravan going off, shortly, of some very agreeable companions, whom I have the offer of accompanying. They are going the long desert by Sinai and Petra; at present Beirut kicks the beam, but I am far from settled.”

“Cairo, Feb. 24.

“The die is cast. It was not without a severe struggle that I gave up the long desert, and the agreeable companions that constitute the caravan; the fact is, I have found out that you can't do everything, so the sooner you begin to leave out something the better. I may

find places on the other side of the Terra Sancta, which I should like to do, but can't, were I to do the desert. I leave this on the 26th for Alexandria, and intend going to Beirout by the French steamer on the 4th. I have no companion as yet, nor do I want one, for I shall feel more where I am if I travel at first alone in the Holy Land. In fact, that was one of my reasons for not going with the caravan party, as well as a strong disinclination to ride in the lap of luxury and enjoyment to that spot which, of all others, leads us away from earthly pleasures."

" March 1, Alexandria.

" You will see by the foregoing scrawl\* that at last I have arrived at that culminating epoch of Oriental travel, namely, 'au sommet des grandes Pyramides du Nile,' as a favourite traveller of mine observes. About two short hours' ride from Cairo brought us to Father Time's old mile-stones. You must know, that in the immediate neighbourhood of Ghizeh live a tribe of Arabs whose exclusive right it is to conduct travellers to the top of the Pyramids, and you are generally beset by a hundred or more ruffians, who do all but lay violent hands on you to obtain the honour of being your escort; my unostentatious approach only drew out six or eight, so I chose three of the boniest looking gentlemen—two to pull, and one to push! The rest were very indignant at not being objects of my choice, and insinuated that it was quite necessary to have eight; but I gave one hand to Hassan and the other to Abdallah with as good will as young ladies say, 'I, N., take thee, M.' &c., and Ali at the same instant gave a

\* A note dated "Top of Cheops' Pyramid."

vigorous shove behind, and we commenced the ascent. At first drawing near, the face of the Pyramid looks like a perpendicular wall, but when once off, it is, with help, by no means difficult. Some of the steps are three if not four feet high; but two pulls and a push would vanquish greater difficulties. On the top you might place a good-sized lady's dressing-room, and have a ledge outside as well. I walked round it once or twice, then thought of Abraham, who, in all probability, had gazed on the same spot, and the various personages connected with these mysterious sepulchres—from Joseph's granaries on the site of Memphis, to Napoleon's battle on the Marsh of Ghizeh; at last I came to you, then sat down and pencilled the document above mentioned, carved my name on a sequestered stone, and then trotted down, satisfied with having killed the lion of Egypt—the only one remaining of the 'wonders of the world,' that is, if we except the great wall of China. I send you some stones—you will see what brittle stuff Cheops used."

ALEXANDRIA, March 2.—Left Cairo on the morning of the 26th ultimo, having visited the Pyramids alone, and ascended to the top of Cheops' monument on the previous day. Spent a very uncomfortable night on the Mahmoudieh Canal; reached this place on Sunday morning, the 27th; and have taken my place in the French steamer for Beirout.

And now Egypt is done: my thoughts long  
before have left it—so, forward.

“Bask not in courtly bower,  
Or sunbright hall of power,  
Pass Babel quick and seek the Holy Land;  
From robes of Tyrian dye  
Turn with undazzled eye  
To Bethlehem's glade, and Carmel's haunted strand.”

March 13, 1848.—BEIROUT.—*Quarantine.*  
—Had a most pleasant passage in the French steamer, and arrived here on the 6th, in company with nine Americans and one Englishman, Mr. Todd. Took “the Spoglio,” which reduced our term of imprisonment to nine days, so to-morrow morning, at six, we are once more free. Accommodation very bad; but we have had a very pleasant mess, and, on the whole, passed a very agreeable time. The situation of the quarantine is most romantic. It is on a rocky promontory, which juts out into the sea, ever rough and troubled on this seething shore. Tradition points it out as the spot where St. George landed and fought



with the dragon. The town, which is on the curve of the bay to the south, presents, at the distance I have as yet seen it, a very pretty appearance. The smiling abodes of man are interspersed continually with olive groves and other trees, and it seems like a village in a dense forest. The thing, however, which enhances its natural beauty so much, is the mass of the Lebanon range, which rises immediately behind. Its distant peaks are half covered with snow. I have seen many mountains, but never yet one so naturally picturesque as this. Apart from all associations connected with it, the view is most striking. I know not whether it is in the comeliness of its gigantic form, which somewhat resembles an elephant with all the grace of a gazelle, or in the number and variations of light and shade on its dun brown side, or in the snow-wreathed peaks which rise in spotless majesty behind; but there is something when you gaze on it, whether at sunrise or at midday, or

when your shadow falls far over the wave, which seems to say, "The hand that made it is divine." I ask others who have seen it, whether there is not some extra sublimity and beauty in Mount Lebanon which is different from all other mountains?

"Beirout, Hotel de l'Europe, March 15.

"You shall have full particulars of my mode of travel; it needs only to speak of my fidus Achates, man Friday, or whatever you like to call him; his name is Mohammed Rashidi, but he disclaims connection with Haroun al Raschid, though I would fain believe that he is some cousin, however far removed, for Rashidi means 'fortunate.' I picked him up at Alexandria: he is half Turk, half Arab, and speaks both languages equally well; Italian, first-rate; English, moderate; French, as well as his master; is in the heyday of life; has travelled frequently over Syria and parts of Asia Minor; but what decided me was an eight months' character in an English resident family at Cairo as interpreter. Honesty is all you want in a Moslem; and he has it written in his countenance."

*Hotel de l'Europe, BEIROUT.*—Friday, March 17.—The last few days I have been employed in making arrangements for the Syrian campaign. Have engaged with a

muleteer to furnish a horse for Mohammed and a mule for my baggage—that is, for the little I mean to take, and to-morrow shall most likely conclude the purchase of a horse for myself. Have replenished my canteen with coffee, rice, biscuits, and tobacco, and Mohammed has put the frying-pan and the kettle “in apple-pie order.” Mighty little of apple-pies they are likely to see, however; and Monday next will most likely see me in the saddle, bound for Jerusalem. As I shall be quite alone, I intend every night to write a consecutive journal. Messrs. Black have been particularly attentive and obliging to me with both advice and assistance. Called on Mde. Suquet to-day for the second time, and had an agreeable talk on the recent startling accounts from Paris; also inquired of “le Docteur” \* to whom I had best commit myself for the extraction of a tooth; had an idea, through charity he might perhaps do it himself. He

\* Dr. Suquet, to whom he had letters.

did regret he had no instruments, and named Mr. Dorrombrouski, whom I had heard mentioned in the morning as having broken a man's jaw during the performance of that operation. Pleasant news ! but off I went to the Pole. He adjusted his instrument three successive times, gave three different crunches, and all with indifferent success, and finally succeeded by putting my head under his arm and using his finger and thumb. He certainly ought not to be permitted to use the surgeon's knife. Better that, however, than half a night with toothache,—and no jaw broken !

“ Beirout, March 19.

“ I have bought a horse for myself—a Persian Arab ; lots of bone ; a fine dashing charger-looking animal ; bright bay, and a star on his forehead. I am to give, to-morrow, 1000 piastres for him—in English money £9. 1s. 8d., rather a high price in this country. I had several brought me to look at by Arabs, varying in price from £3. 10s. to £8, but this one's late owner was a Scotchman, and though he was canny as to price, spoke out when it came to a question of soundness and good feeding, which are the essentials in a serviceable steed in this country. (Monday morning, the 20th.)—The day dawns cloudy upon my start ; but that is better than a

fine flashing sunshiny beginning, and a wet sheet at night. 'Crusader'\* is champing in his stall, and we shall soon be off. How I should like you all to see the start."

Monday, the 20th of March, dawned with a hazy and unpromising appearance upon my intended outset, and heavy showers poured more than once during the morning. At half-past twelve, however, I gave orders to have the horse loaded, and Mohammed to get his saddle-bags in order; and at one o'clock the party were to be seen at the town-gate, engaged in an angry parley with the officers of customs as to the propriety of their investigating the effects which it had just taken so much trouble to pack and arrange. A few piastres with Turkish subordinates have ever more weight than any arguments and so it proved in this case, and on we proceeded. We consisted of Martinez, an aged and respectable-looking muleteer, astride upon a mule, as his years are rather too advanced to walk

\* So he named the horse he bought.—ED.

through the livelong day: his son Rasjé, an intelligent Syrian lad, was occupied in driving the baggage horse; Mohammed, stuck up on his carpet and saddle-bags, on a skinny gray mare, with his pipe in his mouth, presented a faithful portrait of Turkish ease. Last came the master of the expedition. A stout ash stick in his hand, a telescope at his back, and a huge pair of leather leggings generally denote the pedestrian tourist among Cambrian or Scotian hills and glens, but now one riding forth to dream on Eastern mysteries; and strangely did his costume contrast with the riding arsenal of his dragoman, who wore pistols in his girdle, knife in his belt, and a gun slung behind: one would have thought he alone was enough to wrest Jerusalem from the Porte, or bombard again the ill-fated St. Jean d'Acre.

For two hours we trudged through the gardens and mulberry groves of Beirout, and then wended our way by the sea-shore for a

like space of time, when we reached a way-side khan, where I intended to pass the night in order to shorten the distance to Saida (Sidon).

There are many of these khans in Syria. They consist of one or two cottage rooms, where the host and his family live; round the outside wall runs a colonnade, more or less enclosed, but always half open. In these the passing bagman, enveloped in his shaggy capote, is expected to pass the night, while an adjoining shed affords shelter for his cattle. Dr. Robinson calls the one I slept in Khan el Musry. Not relishing the night air, I bargained for one of the dusky rooms inside; had my mattress laid on the mud floor; wrapped myself in the greatest comfort of the east, a capote; and intended to woo "nature's soft nurse" as successfully as when abetted by a pair of sheets and a horsehair mattress.

SIDON, March 21.—It would not do: I rolled, tossed, and turned, and re-turned; and

the fleas, how they did hop, and crawl, and bite! I lit the candle, but it only showed me the myriad animalcula that fed upon my carcase; I blew the candle out, and then I felt just twice as many more as I had seen. Oh, the horrors of last night! I counted the hours—now it is ten, “at six we will start;” now it is twelve, “I will get up at five;” now it is one, “I start at half-past four.” The more the night drew on, the thicker became the fleas—more intolerable than ever; at last in a fit of desperation out I rushed, stepped over some score of happy, sleeping, flea-impervious Arabs, to where Mohammed and the canteen reclined. “Is it time to be off Mohammed?” (I had just looked at my watch and found it was ten minutes to three.) “I hav’n’t closed my eyes for the fleas,” was the growling rejoinder. That was enough—there was at least sympathy between us, that one moral requisite to create a good understanding among foreigners. The muleteer was awake, chocolate made, eggs boiled, traps



packed, and by four o'clock we were in our saddles, wending our way by the light of the moon along the most eastern shore of the Mediterranean. There is something soothing in the extreme in a ride by the morning moon. "Crusader" felt it as well as I, when the advancing wave washed over his fetlocks as he paced upon the smooth sand ; six hours and a half of very fatiguing travel, through deep sand, or over steep rocky promontories, brought us to Sidon. The only spot of interest in the way is a white dome, which tradition marks as the place where the whale disgorged Jonas. The road keeps close to the shore the whole time.

March 22.—TYRE.—Passed a most comfortable night in a large old French khan. It was built by the celebrated Emir of the Druses, Fakhr-ed Din ; now a portion of it belongs to Madame Angelina, who takes in lodgers. For Syria, as far as shelter is concerned, which is all that is ever expected, it is to be strongly

recommended. In Sidon there is nothing whatever of interest beyond what memory may afford, it seemed a miserable squalid little eastern sea-port town. We were not off till eight, A.M., rather late for equestrian travelling, but it was not a long journey before us to Sûr (Tyre). Dr. Robinson makes it eight hours: including twenty minutes' rest, we were eight hours and five minutes: so rode merrily into Tyre at a few minutes past four; and have domesticated in a very comfortable room which contains a divan—blessed luxury!—belonging to some Arab worthy who bears the dignity of “English consul.”

From Sidon the road hugs the coast nearly the whole way, and is a good hard bridle-pathway; we passed over the site of the ancient Sarepta. It is situated near the shore on the celebrated Phœnician plain. Its present fertility would not remind one of the possibility of famine. It is almost entirely sown with wheat, now half grown; yet there it was that the widow

was about to bake her last measure of wheat and her last cruse of oil, that she and her son might eat and die. And there, too, by the same prophet was that son raised from the dead. It was also somewhere near here that our Saviour's conversation took place with the Syro-phœnician woman, and the miracle was performed on her daughter. In Tyre itself, there are many remains,—pillars of Egyptian granite and Grecian marble strewn along the shore, and some ruins of the ancient cathedral choked up with Arab huts. I have just had to entertain the old Arab consul.

March 23.—*Catholic Convent, ACRE.*—This has been a most fatiguing day; in the saddle by six, A.M., and for three hours our course lay along the sea-shore. About one hour and forty minutes from Tyre are what are called “the pools of Solomon.”\* They are

\* The enormous reservoirs properly so called are situated near Bethlehem, and are subsequently described. These—also called “The Pools of Solomon”—are said by tradition to have been made by him for Hiram, king of Tyre, in return for the cedars.—ED.

large stone cisterns built from the ground : they are kept full by a fountain under water, and at the two sides it is continually running off down an inclined plane. They are four in number, and are curious, and evidently of very ancient date, from the style of building. They reminded me somewhat of the cisterns at Carthage. I have not as yet read any account of them in books of other travellers. Our next three hours were very tiring, the mountains come close to the shore, and the path lay over rock and dell for some distance. It was one of the worst rocky roads I ever crossed. We stopped at a khan in a most wild and lonely part of the country, quite Scotch bleak muirland, and after half an hour's rest descended into the plain of Acre ; at least I have named it so without authority, for the bay of Acre is in full view, and Mount Carmel rising abruptly from the water. It took us four hours more to cross the plain, so it was rather more than half-past four when we

rode into the strongly-fortified town of Acre ; and I am now in the Latin convent, in most comfortable quarters, minute-ly expecting dinner, and looking forward to the luxury of reposing amid a pair of sheets. I had expected to find Acre in ruins, but the fortifications have been all rebuilt ; the town, full of soldiers, presenting quite a military and bustling appearance.

March 24.—*Convent of Elias*, MOUNT CARMEL.—Before I left Acre the English consul sent his janissary to me to request a visit, if I should like to see the fortifications ; and we had an agreeable walk over the ramparts, where now soldiers and workmen are employed in rebuilding and strengthening. The English took it in two hours in 1841, and I think they might do it again. There is something slovenly about all Turkish workmanship ; on those parts which are finished, the grass is suffered to grow round the cannons' mouths—so different from the trim

works at Gibraltar or Malta, which are more like a neat flower-garden, while this resembles a wilderness of weeds and wild grass.

At ten o'clock, A.M., met Mohammed and the steeds outside the walls, and after four hours' ride were seeking admittance at the portals of this abode of charity. At the foot of Mount Carmel we forded "the river Kishon," that once ran so red with the blood of the prophets of Baal. Mount Carmel itself is a long range of hill, rising straight from the sea, and running due east, of no great height, but the convent itself is in an imposing position, directly overlooking the Mediterranean. The principal building is a square massive-looking mansion, and is only to be excelled by the comforts in the interior. The apartments for "voyageurs" consist of a suite of rooms fitted up quite in the European style—a dining-room, and a succession of little bed-rooms with pretty curtains and tent-beds. I did them no more than justice in

saying that, "depuis que j'ai quitté l'Angleterre, je n'ai pas vu des chambres si magnifiques et luxurieuses." "Le Frère Charles" was the monk whose turn it was to entertain strangers, and from him I learnt all that I am about to relate. I also saw Jean Battista, of Peter the Hermit notoriety\*. At present

\* The following interesting notice of Father Giovanni, from the Quarterly Review, will best explain the above allusion. The passage quoted by the reviewer is translated from the "Eastern Letters" of the Countess Hahn-Hahn :—

"In 1819, Father Giovanni Baptista, an architect, received an order from the Pope to proceed to Palestine and ascertain the state of the convent. He found it as the Turks had left it upon Napoleon's retreat, plundered, ruined, and deserted, except by one monk, who loitered in a village at the foot. What there was to be done was easily ascertained, for everything was to be done: but the times were unfavourable . . . . . the Greek war had just commenced . . . . . and the Father returned to Rome. Still he thought that the Holy Mountain no longer offered a home to the Christian, and a resting-place to the pilgrim, but that wild beasts, and wilder Bedouins, alone trod the sacred ground, never forsook him. In 1826 times had improved. He journeyed to Constantinople—obtained, through French influence, a firman to rebuild the convent, and, with this

there are fifteen residents, with a superior; they are of the Carmelite order, and are French. The church is situated in the centre of the building, the high altar being directly over the cave in which Elijah is said to have lived. In fact, my cicerone, in pointing to a stone slab hewn in the rock, observed, "et ceci était son divan." Truly, one might naturally suppose it to be the seat of any one

repaired to Syria. The one monk had meanwhile died, and Father Battista stood alone in the ruins. He now made a plan of the building, and an estimate of the cost; and then

'From Damascus to Gibraltar, from Morocco to Dublin, did his unwearied energy carry him; and whenever he had collected a certain sum, back he came to Syria, stood once more on Mount Carmel, and exchanged the wayworn pilgrim for the active architect. Of course he accomplished his end. For several years the convent has now stood on Mount Carmel, an asylum of mercy for all who need it, ready to receive Jew and Turk, Protestant and Heathen, *for God's sake*. Three days is the time allotted to each traveller; the sick may stay longer; also, whoever needs them receives provision and clothes for the way. The building and fitting up cost 500,000 francs (more than £20,000 sterling), and Father Giovanni Battista *begged them all*. . . . A poor monk comes with empty hand, but with a strong will and a full heart, and accomplishes all he desires—literally all—permission, plan, money—and within ten years completes his work—and this in our days too! . . . Apparently Father Giovanni Battista reflected but little before he applied to the work, otherwise the difficulties would have deterred him. He said to himself, 'This work must thou do' and then he did it.'—*Quart. Rev.*, No. 151, p. 134.



who inhabited the cave ; but Elijah's " divan ! " was a novel idea. They have a library and oratory of good dimensions, and each a little cell, some of which I saw. He told me their life was very rigid. A garment of camel's hair is their dress. They never touch meat, and in Lent only bread and vegetable broth. They eat together twice a day, during which time one always reads aloud ; fish and eggs are allowed after Easter. Their hospitality and charity to strangers is unbounded. I was there on a Friday in Lent ; and, had I wished, it would have been impossible to fast. He apologised for giving me fare " pauvre et maigre ; " but I found soup, three courses of fish, preserved fruit, splendid bread, and fair Cyprus wine, which I was forced to take, while he enlivened me with a continual flow of agreeable conversation. He was much interested in my news on late French affairs ; had only left Paris two years, and was well acquainted with Lamartine and others

of the democratic party. He is evidently well educated, and his manners those of the gentleman. I wonder why he left the world ; perhaps 't were a romantic tale of disappointment and loss ; more likely a sombre question of "truth" between himself and his conscience, or rather between his soul and his God ; but no matter ; would that he could infuse into me more of that self-denying spirit, that stern sense of duty, that persevering self-mortifying penance which they feel so effective to the health of a soul which has been permitted to live apart from the snares of the world ! You have no right beyond a certain point to choose your mode of life. It is allotted ; make the best use of it. Whether you toil one hour or ten in the vineyard, it matters not ; the reward will be the same, so that the talents are not laid up in the napkin. Thankful indeed should one feel, whatever may be his lot,—more especially on Mount Carmel, where, after the believing

prayer of the prophet, the fire came down and consumed the sacrifice which acknowledged the advent of a Redeemer. That Redeemer is come. Will not Mount Carmel now pour faith into the soul, to offer up a humble fervent prayer for that Redeemer's sake to receive, instead of a consuming fire, a quickening and sanctifying spirit of grace?

NAZARETH, *Latin Convent*, March 25.—Left Mount Carmel at seven o'clock, grateful to the monks for their hospitality, and wound my way along the base of the mountain. Forded "Kishon, that ancient river," twice. After passing it a second time, the road went across a bog; every horse and mule floundered and fell except Crusader, who bore me gallantly through the worst part. Afterwards I doffed my shoes and stockings, and led him through the remainder. We had hardly righted the luggage and recruited our flagging energies, before a black cloud appeared on Carmel, and the rain came down in torrents; we were

yet four hours from Nazareth. Mohammed and I set off to do it against time and rain, and a weary wet ride we had. Across the broad "plain of Esdraelon" we went well enough, but afterwards a rough mountain road, frequent storms, tired horses, and the bleakest wind I have felt since I left old England, did not add to our comfort. 'T was with indescribable delight that I first saw the round top of Mount Tabor, and soon after the flat-roofed houses of Nazareth. Despite of the situation I was in, I felt deeply my first entrance into Nazareth; I could not quite realize it, nor do I now. That here, in this village, all that I have ever been taught to consider as Divine, Eternal, and Mysterious, should have put on the mortal form of man, and for half a life lived in social intercourse with mortals! It is very strange; it brings the mysteries of religion down to the practice of life, and probes the heart to the quick, by bringing before it those doctrines which are

the hardest trial of our faith. It is odd that I should have arrived on the Feast of the Annunciation, the great day in Nazareth.

Sunday, March 26.—NAZARETH.—This was a day of rest for both man and beast. I had intended taking an afternoon's ride of an hour to "Cana of Galilee," a Sabbath day's journey, to where the miracle of the wine was performed by our Lord, but it has rained almost the whole day—cold rain and wind such as I have not felt this winter. It seems as if Nature had conspired to render this village as desolate as possible, now that "its glory is departed." Again, I could fancy the weather typical of the state of the world when He appeared to redeem it. Man had attained his highest pitch of iniquity, sin was at its full measure, when the promised Saviour was born. What this world would have been had the great scheme of Christianity never appeared, it is impossible to conceive, fearful to think of. Those are benefits which the infidel is ever ready to acknowledge. But

to the true believer, whose badge is the cross, holy indeed should be the joy, and steadfast the faith, when he finds himself within those spots so long hallowed by the presence of Him who is the source of his hope here and hereafter.

'T is true I have been shown to-day the spot where the angel Gabriel appeared to the Virgin Mary, even the spots where they respectively stood! I saw also what was said to be the house of Joseph: there is also the fountain from which the holy family drew water, the hill of the Precipitation, and *two* Canas of Galilee!—all equally certified. Whether disposed to be credulous or sceptical in these subjects it matters not; one thing is certain, that here, for nearly thirty years, the Redeemer lived, “subject unto His parents, and growing in wisdom and stature,” until the time should come for Him “to be about His Father’s business.” Surely that is enough;—rest, and be thankful.

NAZARETH, March 27.—Another bleak, raw day. I had set it down for “the ascent of

Mount Tabor," and a ride home through Cana of Galilee. It was so cold I gave up the latter part of the expedition, but have just returned from the top of this most curious and beautiful mountain. It rises straight from the plain, cone-shaped, and is covered with stunted oaks and thick brushwood to the summit. Tradition makes it out to be the mountain of the Transfiguration; but it is very doubtful. Oh Robinson\*, most learned doctor! why will you bring your logical facts and sound conclusions to bear against the opinion which has prevailed at least fourteen centuries? Whether there was a fortified town there or not, it is impossible to find a place more suitable for the glory of the Lord to be revealed than Mount Tabor as it is at present. The leafy shade of trees and undulating ground form numerous spots well adapted for solitude and prayer. And then the view is

\* Dr. Robinson, author of "Biblical Researches in Palestine," &c. Boston, 1841.

extensive and magnificent over the surrounding country. In its immediate vicinity is the hill country of Galilee, and Nazareth "embedded in its little vale like the infant Saviour in its mother's arms," as Lord Lindsay poetically remarks. To the south are the little Hermon and Mount Gilboa, the scene of Saul's last day on earth. In the west appears the long plain of Esdraelon, running north and south, with the range of Carmel beyond. To the north are the Lebanon's snowy peaks, and Mount Hermon, conspicuous among his fellows. On the east is the valley of the Jordan to the sea of Tiberias, which I did *not* see, and the hills of Gilead and Bashan, and the country of the Hauran stretching far beyond. Nain and Endor lie at its feet. It is really a beautiful mountain, independent of this biblical panorama, and its physical shape symmetrical in the extreme. It somewhat reminded me of the hill at Inverary, only Tabor is better situated.



March 28.—Left Nazareth this morning, and was sorry to leave my monastic abode, and the broken-down courier who looks after the stranger's comforts; but rejoiced to get out of the bleak wind of the hills. In an hour's time was pacing over the broad fertile plain of Jezreel; the site of the ancient town lay on my left, the seat of Jezebel's shame and Jehu's exaltation. Here, too, where now waved the ripening grain, was the coveted vineyard of Naboth. In about four hours we came in sight of Djenin, a smiling-looking town at the end of the plain. We turned off about two miles to the west, through a narrow defile which brought us to a village called Birheen, which Mohammed strongly recommended in preference to Djenin as a resting place, for, according to him, fleas were less abundant. Notwithstanding my ride through so interesting a country, the weather had been cold and lowering, and I had a slight cold, and was not in the happiest humour possible when

the Birheen accommodation, after a tiring day, afforded nothing but a stable for repose ; my affairs came to a climax, that is, I gave vent to disgust and vexation. Soon, however, reason, soothing mistress, resumed her sway, and pointed out my inconceivable folly, with the blessed idea of "what so suitable for a dwelling in the Holy Land as a stable?" till by degrees I drove European refinement and luxury out of my head, fancied myself a privileged member of the misanthropic community, and passed a most convivial night. Mohammed made an omelette, and afterwards I made two good glasses of toddy for myself and man Friday ; and my toasts were, first, "absent friends," and then, "the Syrian campaign."

March 29.—Nine hours and a half in the saddle ; a very steep mountain pass, and one of the bleakest winds I ever felt, and we came down on to a round green hill with a village on the top. That village is called

in Arabic "Sebustieh." Round the hill there is a belt of columns—some prostrate, some standing—the remains of an immense colonnade which formerly surrounded the city. Once fair and striking, a royal residence, and, from its natural advantages, it must have been a princely city in the palmy days of Herod the Great. It was the ancient Samaria. Alas! how fallen. There is also an interesting ruined church of curious architecture. I put it down as a memorial of crusading zeal, from its mixture of the Grecian and Gothic. It contains a tomb of what they told me was an Arab saint, so I did not regard it with much reverence. I see, however, that it has long been regarded as the tomb of John the Baptist, as well as the place where he was beheaded. The latter, however, it is not, from Josephus's authority, but it might possibly be the former.

Afterward the road goes up a long valley to Nablous (the Schechem of old), with Mount Ebal on one side and Mount Gerizim on the

other ; and, awfully tired and knocked up, I found myself under a Christian's roof in comparatively fair quarters. Dinner was preparing, when a bustle below betokened an arrival, and my old friend the major \* and an Englishman named Blenkin walked in, en route from Jerusalem ; our meeting was most cordial ; and in this unusually cold weather we had a most jolly evening, with brandy and water and cigars ! It did me a wonderful deal of good. Though not the least tired of my ten days "*au solitaire*," I found out that the animal man is by nature sociably inclined, and that though for a time a freedom from the restraints of domestic life may be agreeable, still fasting from the sweet babbling flow of words, sharpens the affections, and I would have inclosed the worthy veteran in a fraternal embrace, were it not for his wind-chopped visage and grizzly chin.

March 30.—Nearly eleven hours in the

\* One of the Americans he met in quarantine at Beyrout.—ED.

saddle, but I knew what to expect. Cold wind in the extreme (I never felt anything like it in England, so dry and cutting). Mountains the entire way, and a stable for my resting-place, and never was pilgrim more glad than I to get there.

“Is not the pilgrim’s toil o’erpaid  
By the clear rill and palmy shade,  
And see we not up Earth’s dark glade  
The gate of Heaven unclose?”

Lines I have repeated half a dozen times, and felt them “*en verité*” when I got into my stable. Mohammed lay in one corner, I in another; a half-built partition shut off an apartment which contained the gallant Crusader, two other horses, and two mules.

The village is called El Bireh, and is only three hours distant from Jerusalem. Blessed name! how many souls have panted for the “peace that is within thy walls, and prosperity which is within thy palaces.”

Visited two very noted objects, “Jacob’s well,” where our Saviour talked with the

woman of Samaria, and "Joseph's tomb," which marks the spot of ground bought from the Shechemites by Jacob. Tradition, position, and formation, all render it likely that these are the identical objects; even Robinson, over-cautious of credulity as he is, admits this. About half-way met my old friends of the quarantine from the other side of the Atlantic, and rejoiced in the good fortune.

March 31.—*Latin Convent, JERUSALEM.*—I trust I am thankful for being permitted to reach Jerusalem, and gaze upon Mount Zion in peace and safety. We left Bireh betimes, and after two hours' ride, all at once came in sight of the Holy City. There it lay before me as on a map; there was no mistaking its most important features—the Holy Sepulchre, and the huge Mosque of Omar\*; the Mount of

\* "The Holy Sepulchre with its domed roof, and the gigantic Mosque of Omar towering above it—a complete representation of the triumph of error over truth, which for a time is permitted; but it will come when the children of the bond-woman will be cast down, and the children of the free woman will be acknowledged 'heirs of God by faith in Jesus Christ;' and the proud Moslem will no longer

Olives, with the Church of the Ascension on the top; the deep vales of Hinnom, Gihon, and Jehoshaphat. I was not at all disappointed; if anything, I had not imagined the ideal portrait would bear so close a resemblance to the real one, which was now present before my eyes.

I went straight to the Latin Convent. Accommodation very bad; and monks not so fraternal as usual. As a true pilgrim, my first step would be to the Holy Sepulchre, but I found it was not open till three; when mass was performed for the pilgrims, who have already mustered very strong for the approaching Easter. I went to the British consul, Mr Finn, and paid my respects as a loyal British subject; he was very civil and obliging, took me up stairs, and introduced me to the Bishop, Dr. Gobat, who was then calling on him—a piece of gratuitous attention, which, as I had no credentials for him, was not called for. I then

scorn 'the children of promise;' but 'the time is not yet.' I did not intend this, but when you relate facts, feelings will gush out."—  
Letter, Ap. 2, 1848.

went to Mr. Veitch, an old Balliol man, and we were soon on the free and easy. Then taking a guide, I roamed over the sainted city till three. The first thing I saw was the Jews weeping for their city. It was a melancholy sight. On every Friday they congregate to the nearest part of the Mosque of Omar which they are permitted to approach, and there weep and wail and pray over the desolation of Jerusalem. There were a considerable number, perhaps nearly a hundred, chiefly old men and women. They showed me many spots in the city, which may or may not be correct, but it is in my opinion of little importance. At three I was at the door of the Holy Church; the courtyard in front was thronged with pilgrims—rabble they chiefly looked, I must confess, and seemed nearly all Asiatics. The ground was completely covered with the wares of vendors of relics, &c.—beads, crosses, shells carved with Scripture scenes, in endless profusion. It seemed as if they still bought and sold in



the Temple, in defiance of Him whose religion they profess, and who had driven them out. In what do their stalls differ from "the seats of them that sold doves"? That was the sacrifice of atonement and purification. The merchandise of this day, viewed in their best sense, are but relics of faith and stimulants for devotion. If the first was sin, is not the last wilful sin?

The doors opened and in we poured; and I and my Moslem guide were borne along till we reached the entrance of the tomb. All know its description well enough. I could not, if I would, describe it; my feelings were wound up to such a pitch that I could observe nothing. On I went with the crowd, elbowing, jostling, pushing to the inner entrance of the tomb, through which there is only room for one person to enter at a time; and indeed, within the chamber itself not more than four persons can stand at the same time. At last I found myself at the end, gazing at the

white marble slab. A monk stood beside me with a bundle of candles, who lit one for every stranger that entered. I knew it was the greatest epoch in my life. I felt that that was granted to me which millions have longed for and been denied. I tried to feel thankful; I tried to pray;—my lips would not move; my heart was like lead. Man after man came in, bowed, and knelt, and kissed, and departed. I stood on. At last the guide touched me and said something about “backsheesh for the candle,” and immediately tossed some coin into the monk’s plate, which he had as well as the candles. The spell was broken. The love of lucre had penetrated even *there*. In the depth and solitude of the tomb was man greedy for gain. I bent hurriedly down and pressed my lips to the cold marble, and rushed out. It was a painful and heart-sickening scene.

There are churches of the Greeks, Latins, Armenians, and Copts, under the same roof, and round the neutral ground of the

Sepulchre ; and their different services were all going on. But many more were the straggling loiterers like myself, who roamed with vacant stare and listless gait over the most sacred spot on earth. Dined in the evening at McWilliam's Hotel, with Major Chambre and Mr. Middleton.

April 1.—*My own House on Mount Zion, JERUSALEM.*—Through the assistance of Mr. Veitch and his English servant, I am here domesticated. It is a neat little abode, with a most splendid view of Jerusalem, with the Mount of Olives in the background. It consists of a small court with four or five rooms opening into it; one of which is tenanted by Mohammed and Rasjé, and the other by Crusader. On the roof of these rooms are two other small ones, domed, like all the houses in Jerusalem, as they have no timber to make roofs. One of these I have fitted up for myself, by the purchase of a mat, and the hire of three chairs and a table, and

three boards and two trestles to form a bedstead, from an English carpenter, who is employed at the "New Church," and am most comfortably located. To-day, have been chiefly occupied in shaking down in my new residence, with the exception of a walk to the Mount of Olives, and a few other spots of intense interest about the city.

"Jerusalem, April 2.

"I went to church to-day, or what was more like a church than anything I have seen since I left old England. They have 'upper rooms furnished,' at Cairo and Alexandria, but here was the altar and the pulpit, and a goodly array of divines; in fact, it only wanted pews to make it the orthodox place of worship of the old baronet in the Spectator. There was also a Communion at Jerusalem! On Easter-day it will come again, and then never more in my life; once, however, was sufficient, with the Holy Sepulchre (almost) in view. To have been permitted the high privilege of standing on the Mount of Olives and viewing the Garden of Gethsemane, was surely enough. It is what many toiling Christians have longed for, and never been allowed. It is what in one half-hour would advance many a Christian's life to that point which in years of prayer and striving he would scarce attain—and all these have been allowed to me. If I had another thought, it was, to make the best use of them."

Saturday, April 8.—JERUSALEM.—Having missed so many days, I must skip over the intervening days till the 6th, Thursday last. They were entirely occupied in walks and rides about Jerusalem, and reading up accounts of the Holy City, and proved a quiet little rest after the fatigues of my journey.

On the 6th I was engaged to go with Mr. Finn, the English consul, to the Dead Sea. He wished to go there to meet a party of Americans\*, who are on a scientific mission; but hearing in the morning that they would not arrive for some days, put it off. As I was prepared for an excursion, started at once for Hebron with Mohammed. It is about seven hours with loaded horses. We passed out of the Jaffa gate a little before 1, P.M., and steered our course south, leaving Bethlehem about a mile east. It is on an imposing position, and the convent stands well upon an

\* Under the command of Captain Lynch, U. S., who has since published his Survey of the Dead Sea.—ED.

eminence. The first place of interest I came to was a small Moslem tomb, said to mark the place where Rachel died in childbirth. It is a tradition for which there are strong proofs of its identity; at all events, the road, from Bethel to Ephrath must be in that direction. About an hour from thence brought us to "the pools of Solomon"—three large stone reservoirs, one of which is dry, but the others still supply Jerusalem with water by means of an aqueduct. Robinson gives the length of one as 582 feet, and considers them of the highest antiquity. After this the country for an hour or two became much more sterile; a succession of hill and valley covered with gray rocks. Afterwards the fertility seemed to increase; the plains were more fruitful, and sides of the hills covered with low bushes, stunted oaks, and here and there an arbutus; of trees there are none, if we except an occasional olive grove. It was sunset, and almost dark, before I was wending my way up the

valley of "Eshcol." But there was light enough to see the fig-trees and terraces of vines in great profusion, and the whole country was pregnant with signs of cultivation. The leaves are not yet out, but I can well fancy its fruitful appearance in summer: a meet sample of the land which "flows with milk and honey." It was quite dark when we reached Hebron (Kirjath Arba); and I had then to find a place to lay my head. At last a Jew volunteered "a room." It certainly was one, if walls and a roof constitute anything so called. But I am not particular now, and squatting on the ground cross-legged, with a plate on my lap, can dine as comfortably as ever I did on a morocco-covered chair; and tied up in a "Levinge," will defy all the lice and bugs of Syria. For the edification of my English friends, I may as well describe an eastern room, and there is not much difference in their comforts; of course, no windows or furniture, but a mat and carpet. In many, as

in this, the greater part of the room is raised two or three feet from the elevation of the entrance. Below, the menial operations are performed, and above, they sleep, eat, smoke. It much resembles an English dog kennel, with a dry raised place for the hounds to sleep on. It often struck me what a pitch of luxury we must have arrived at, when the dogs of one country are better housed than the mortals of another ! To go on : where my host the Jew slept surpasses my understanding, as well as the three females of the family, though they honoured me with their company till I was asleep, and watched me like a wild beast. After dinner the wife made coffee, and the Jew came up and smoked a pipe with me and Mohammed. Of course conversation began on the "site" of Hebron, the now existing cave of Machpelah, and from thence came to our respective creeds. As we were—Jew, Moslem, and Christian,—all squatting cheek by jowl together, engaged in social converse, I



thought to improve the fellowship by telling the Jew I believed and read all his Bible. Of course he believed my religion and Mohammed's to be equally false; and Mohammed said he believed the Christian religion and his own and the Jew's to be all equally true.

Up betimes, and visited the cave of Machpelah. On it is built a mosque, which no Christian has ever entered, and you are only permitted to look through a hole into what is said to be the cave. The Jew was my cicerone, and he kissed the stone with great reverence which incloses the dust of his father Abraham. The town itself from the outside looks clean and strongly built, but is as dirty in the interior as most Syrian towns. Saw the "pools of Hebron," where David hanged the murderers of Ish-bosheth, quite similar in style to the pools of Solomon, and undoubtedly of very ancient workmanship. Found De Grille in quarantine from Cairo. Went to see a huge oak tree which tradition (falsely) asserts to

be the spot where the angel appeared to Abraham when about to sacrifice Isaac. It is a splendid tree, and stands alone in a field of vines, like the great oak at Painswick. Then across country, over vineyards and corn-fields—Crusader scrambled well over the stone dikes, to a colossal building which has never been finished. In Arabic it is called "House of Abraham." There met De Grille and Mr. Higgins. It consists of two tiers of stones laid upon each other, bevelled, and without mortar. There is a large arched well in one corner, which would appear of quite modern date (comparatively). I measured one stone as 17 feet by 2 feet 6 inches; there were others of twice the thickness, and within a foot or two of the same length. At noon wished De Grille farewell, and having sent on Mohammed to Bethlehem, with a guide on foot, proceeded in the same direction.

Reached Bethlehem by sunset. The town itself seemed inferior to Hebron. The great

trade is the carving on shells sacred scenes; some are done well; they find a ready sale from the numerous pilgrims. Bought a few relics. Was comfortably housed in the convent, a very large one, of the Franciscan order of monks, I think; at least the monk told me so, but Robinson calls it a Greek convent. First asked to see the church, which is handsome; underneath it are a variety of small altars, as well as the chapel of the Nativity, on the spot where they say the Saviour was born. The monk also showed me in a remarkably small compass, the place where He was laid after He was born—the place where the wise men made their offerings—the place where the Innocents were murdered; and made me look through a hole in the rock where he said they had found “a little hand,” and a place where Joseph did something or other, and several other localities sacred to several other saints of whom I had never heard. I am very glad I have seen the place, but am afraid I am grown

dreadfully callous in sacred sight-seeing. Have just found out that if you live long enough in it, Jerusalem would become like any other residence. Oh! the heathen philosopher was right when he said, "Custom is the king of all."

*Wednesday, April 12.*—On Sunday went to church; heard the Bishop preach—sermon energetic. On Monday Italian in the morning, and then read Robinson, Irby and Mangles, &c. In the afternoon rode to a village called Lefta situated on a rocky valley, lost my way, and returned to Jerusalem by the "tombs of the Judges."

On Tuesday, with a guide, started at one for Neby Samwîl, two hours distant from Jerusalem, in all probability the ancient Mispeh where the people were so often assembled. It is situated on the summit of a lofty peak, and has a most commanding view of the country round. There is a ruined mosque, which you are permitted to ascend, and also the reputed tomb of the prophet Samuel; the latter is a

Mohammedan legend. The prospect is undoubtedly very fine; well worth the ride, quite independent of the numerous objects of scriptural association which are before you. Besides the sea near Gaza on one side, the gorge of the Dead Sea on the other, with the hills of Moab, and Ammon, and Gilead, and Bashan beyond, there are in view villages which mark the site of Ramah (not Samuel's) Anathoth, Beeroth, Bethel, and a most remarkably-shaped hill rising from your feet out of the plain, with an Arab village on its summit called El Djeb; truly no other than the ancient Gibeon, where the sun stood still, that Israel might triumph, and where Solomon in a dream by night chose wisdom instead of the baubles of earthly splendour—scenes even now that call forth stirring thoughts. Has the Lord departed from Zion? Has he forgotten the world and given her up, hoary sinner as she is, to her own devices? No, far from it; if our faith were strong enough, the sun would

stand still again. And may not every Christian ask, and he will receive a full measure pressed down; and more than that, Jesus Christ knocks at all our hearts, *seeks* that he may gain admittance to bestow on us all immortal wisdom. Press on—persevere—a prayer in faith will avail now as much as an inspired dream did in the days of King Solomon. Oh! may our choice be the same; may we see the world as it is; not the glittering exterior, but the lump of sin and deformity which lurks behind. And then “If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering.” Took a ride to-day to the “Convent of the Cross,” so called as the veritable cross is said to have been found there: whether it was or not, whether it is at Rome or Jerusalem, it matters not—there is a *veritable* cross which we must all bear; the sooner we take it up and plod along the “Via Dolorosa” of life, trusting to it alone, the

sooner will death approach, and a glorious resurrection follow. "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."

April 13.—*Convent of Mar Saba*.—I left my home in Jerusalem soon after noon for an excursion to the Dead Sea and Jordan. De Grille has lent me his tent, and my "cortège" consists of Mohammed and one baggage horse. It is necessary for these excursions in the territory of the Arabs, to make a contract before the Consul with some Sheik, for a safe conduct, and by that means you avoid the disagreeable certainty of being robbed. The present "douceur" paid is estimated at 100 p.\* besides backsheesh; so, outside the Jaffa gate, I found a mounted deputy of the Sheik Mahmoud bearing a long spear and brace of pistols, and attended by one footman, waiting to be my escort. At this convent I was to meet Mr. Coote and Dr. Macleod, who had taken the circuit of Bethlehem, and to-morrow

\* One hundred Turkish piastres, or about £1 sterling.

we are to proceed with the Sheik himself and a good force to the "Diamond of the Desert." This is a Greek convent, three hours distant from Jerusalem. It is built in the fissure of a wild rocky gorge, and is strongly fortified, having fallen into the hands of the merciless Arabs before this. It is reported to be very rich, and its community now receive much protection from the Porte, as it is under the immediate patronage of the Emperor Nicholas. To be received here, it is necessary to bring a letter of recommendation from the Superior of the Greek convent at Jerusalem. They have domesticated me in a chapel, and I am now writing away by the flickering lamp which burns over the altar; rather a fit place to pass the night, so near, if not quite in, the wilderness of En-ge-di—I fancy myself the Knight Kenneth. The founder of the convent was St. Sabas, an ascetic, who lived in these fastnesses, and was canonized; his tomb is the lion of the convent. The church is gor-



geous in the extreme, surrounded with full-length paintings of Apostles, popes, and holy men, I suppose, and stalls for the monks like St. George's Chapel. There is one most curious painting of the Day of Judgment: the Heavenly Host is represented in a most familiar manner, and God the Son as Judge, with the twelve Apostles sitting on twelve chairs below him. Then there are the chosen and the damned, with the gulf of purgatory between them, which is a sea, in which men are swimming about in little boxes, while sparks from the fiery jaws of a great serpent are continually falling on them. The latter is intended for Gehenna, in which many bodies are struggling in flames. The chosen are represented by a far more numerous body, with rays of light encircling them, marching rank and file towards a door which a second St. Peter is in the act of opening. Behind purgatory, the quick are represented by a crowd of men in shirts, whom an angel is in

the act of weighing before they are cast in—altogether a most extraordinary composition.

Dined, and talked over Egypt and the Nile with the “Englishers;” a brother of my old friend Evelyn had been with them there.

April 15.—JERUSALEM.—What have I not to chronicle to-day? Hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures; and I am not sorry to find myself back again in Jerusalem. If my heart is capable of one good feeling, it shall, it must, be one of deep, unfeigned thankfulness to the Almighty Protecting Power above.

We left the convent yesterday morning, and were in the saddle before seven. A ride of five hours brought us to the shores of the Dead Sea, through a singularly wild and desolate country of mountain desert. Our guard consisted of the Sheik mounted on a well-shaped gray mare, and bearing a long spear, and five Arabs all armed with long guns. The first exciting incident was an unsuccessful chase after the Sheik's mare, which

got away and galloped off to an old encampment in the mountains.

The first near view of the Dead Sea is a thrilling sight. We read there in broad characters, "the wages of sin is death." What similar punishments may not God have in store for a guilty nation? It is situated in a deep cauldron of rocks, called in Arabic "El Ghor," and the heat is intense. It is, even at this time of year, like riding through an immense oven. The plain as you approach the lake is partly desert, and partly covered with shrubs and thick cane-brakes, the resort of numerous wild boars. The ground, too, in places was quite white from the quantity of salt which is found there. At a distance the waters present a dull leaden appearance. We all three bathed off a promontory at the north end. I never was in such water before. It is impossible to sink. I floated on it with hands and feet out of the water exactly like a log of wood; while swimming you cannot keep your

legs in the water at all ! The taste is most nauseous—burning, bitter, sour, and salt ; the first predominates. On coming out of the water, and for some time after, the sensations are peculiarly disagreeable. The tender parts of the body, such as nostrils, &c., smart, and there is a soapy feel all over the body. We lunched, and then rode across the plain of Jericho to the Jordan. About an hour after, my face, and parts of the body which I had not sufficiently dried, were covered with a thick incrustation of salt, as if it had been well floured.

The Jordan, as it flows through the plain of Jericho, is winding and deep—where I saw it, about fifty or sixty yards broad, with a tremendous current. Its banks are thickly wooded, so dense, indeed, that there are few places that they could be approached, where a passage is not cut through the thicket. The wood itself forms a natural barrier ; but twice as great is the river, over which within a few days' journey of Jericho there are but two fords,

and they are not always passable in winter : so the Arabs of the east are quite a distinct race from those on the west of the river. The spot, where we visited it, is that where the pilgrims come to bathe : where there is a square acre or so kept cleared by the Sultan's soldiers. It is just "over against Jericho," and is regarded as about the place (as it certainly is) where the Israelites passed over—where Elijah ascended to heaven—and where our Saviour was baptized by John the Baptist. We had all agreed to bathe like true pilgrims, as well as to wash off the salt of Sodom. There was no possibility of landing on the other side, owing to the height and density of the reeds and brushwood ; but just to say I had been "beyond Jordan," thought I would swim across and get a bough as a memorial, and a memorial it was very nearly proving of the uncertainty of this life. I had noticed the strength of the stream, but fancied five or six strong strokes would take me through it,

owing to the narrowness of the channel. I swam over well enough, being carried down five or six yards; but on returning, with a lot of boughs in my mouth, I launched out into the stream downwards at once, and soon found myself entirely at its mercy; was borne on as helpless as an infant, and with difficulty could keep myself up, much less get out of the current, such was the velocity with which I was carried. The whole party, mulemen, Bedouins, and dragoman, commenced shouting as I approached the place where they were, that I might get out of the stream before I came to some shallows where the river was awfully swift and whirlpooly. But it was not to be, though I tried hard. I did just gain my feet on the rocks, but it was only to run with increased speed into deep water. Their shouting flurried me, for I thought the stream might be as powerful the whole way to the Dead Sea, and then what chance was there for this world? My strength, too, began to

fail. I cried twice "come here." Then the thought struck me, "What a romantic end to my wanderings, being drowned in the Jordan!" Then came the thought that I was looking face to face with death. It did not frighten me the least; but my thoughts I recollect were all of past and present. The number that flashed through my mind in those two or three minutes is perfectly astonishing. All home scenes and faces came before me, I thought for the last time. I did not think once of my future state. What a proof of His infinite mercy in still giving me time! I then saw them all running by the bank, and two Bedouins leaped into the stream. I then tried to get out of the stream, which I had long given up attempting, and succeeded in catching a twig just before the Arabs reached me. Was much exhausted, and should have had difficulty in getting out without their aid. They were remarkably fine bold fellows, and were prompt in the extreme; and though they

did not exactly save my life, had it been a nearer chance might have done so. They were all much alarmed on shore; poor Mohammed professed (and I believe him) much solicitude; and Macleod owned that he had begun to consider the best means of restoring suspended animation. Thank God they were not needed. I have since heard much of the danger of the Jordan even for the strongest swimmers; that two or three are drowned every year; that the Bedouins themselves never swim across it except in particular places, where they know the current.

We rode from there across the wide plain of Jericho to Ain el Sultan, or Elisha's Fountain, supposed to be near the site of the ancient town where the miracle of sweetening the waters was performed. It is rather more than half-an-hour from the modern Jericho, which is a miserable village, with a Turkish fort. The name now is El Rahah, supposed formation from Rahab, who entertained the spies.



The plain itself near the Jordan is rampantly luxuriant, but very partially cultivated. Dr. Robinson well remarks, "How strong here is the contrast between the munificence of nature and indolence of man." Picked some specimens of the fruit which grew "near that bituminous lake where Sodom stood"—the far-famed "apples of Sodom." Pitched our tent by the side of a limpid stream, about 100 yards from the fountain of Elisha, which is said also to correspond with the Diamond of the Desert—in point of beauty it may vie with any diamond, though Sir Walter's is an imaginary description. On the other side of the stream is a large thick forest, where a nightingale warbled her plaintive lay the live-long night. On this side is the desert, with Mount Quarantana rearing its tabled form behind. It is said to be the Mountain of the Temptation. There was also a huge shady nubk tree, under which the servants slept—by tradition the one of which the crown of

thorns was made (?). Coote, Macleod, and I slept on mother earth in the tent, and the horses picqueted close to the door; the Arabs outside them, with a large fire to keep off wild beasts. It is a very different climate from Jerusalem—too hot for even a tent—more like Nubia than anything I since experienced. Crusader got loose in the night, and galloping round the tent, struck one of the pegs and knocked it over. We were very much astonished to find it fly from over us, and to be sleeping on a sudden 'neath the blue vault of heaven, instead of canvas walls. The first thing this morning, Coote took my gun, and went out into the forest for quails; and Macleod and I, Bible in hand, on the site of Joshua's city, strolled to the fountain of Elisha; I went to the brink of the fountain, while he perched himself on a most conspicuous rock above, overlooking the forest; we had not been there long before we heard the crack of a rifle quite close—a ball whizzed

through the trees above me, and went close enough to Macleod's ear for him to feel the current of air. It was evidently aimed at him, by some Arab in ambush in the forest, who, believing him to be alone, made an attempt to murder and rob him, which he could easily have done, and thrown the body into the wood. We discussed the matter some time, and then resolved to keep it quiet till we reached Jerusalem, as pursuit would be useless, even if we had a troop of dragoons to scour the country.

"It made our debts more equal, for if the Arabs had nearly saved my life the day before, they had nearly killed my friend the day after. On the whole, they are a fine set of turbulent robbers; and much worse since they have been under the weak Turkish sway, instead of the iron rod of Mehemet Ali."

Breakfasted, and then went down from Jericho to Jerusalem; it was an eventful journey to undertake, and is one that our Saviour must often have taken with his disciples. We pass a well, surrounded by a ruined convent, a

fabric of middle-ages piety, said to be the place where our Saviour was wont to rest and refresh himself on these journeys, as also the spot of the occurrence of the story of the good Samaritan!—whether as the Khan where the traveller was taken to, or the place where he was robbed, I could not learn. We rode back through Bethany, the day, too, before Palm Sunday. It repays you coming all the way from England to walk over the Mount of Olives to Bethany.

April 19.—Last Sunday (the 16th) was the third I have passed at Jerusalem; nothing particular occurred. May it be long before I forget them, and the profitable thoughts that they call forth. De Grille spent the evening with me. Monday (the 17th).—Read in the morning, walked to the Mount of Olives, and rode in the afternoon to Bethlehem. Tuesday (the 18th).—Wet and cold. In the morning studious; had a long chat with Salazar. His analogical arguments good against a re-

public and the concentration of the money power; went to the (so-called) tombs of the Kings — curious chambers excavated with great care and labour in the rock at the north end of the valley of Jehoshaphat. Maundrell gives a very accurate description. To-day was to have been the consecration of the first Protestant church in Jerusalem, but as the deeds have not arrived from England, it is put off *sine die*. On the fact being notified after service this morning, it was given out that the Bishop invited all present to come to his house at seven in the evening to join in prayer. There was something extremely pastoral and patriarchal in thus gathering the wandering flock under his charge for extra and special acts of prayer at this important season. Few could resist such an appeal as this in Jerusalem; about sixty were there at the appointed time, and a simple service was performed in English, then German, then French, and afterwards Hebrew. It commenced by singing a

hymn; 't was exactly what the Apostles and early Christians had so often done before on the same spot. The Bishop first gave his reasons for this meeting, that as so many prayers were being offered up for the church in Jerusalem on this day, it was but meet that we should be similarly employed. He also adverted to the present season, and the necessity of preparation for the Lord's Supper on Easter Day; also to the imminent peril in which the church is at present, as well as the convulsions which threaten Europe, as all demanding our special supplications. He then read the 17th chapter of St. John, and gave an impressive exhortation on the subject of unity among Christ's church; and afterwards he and Mr. Veitch said an extempore prayer; it was all very simple and very earnest, and seemed to me remarkably symbolical of our state on earth. Here were a party of pilgrims and aliens and travellers, far from their home—as if they had, as they ought to have, no home but heaven,

and no friends but God—met to gain increased strength and courage for their future warfare, and to give each other mutual comfort 'mid the perils and temptations of their earthly journey. They have gained the earthly Sion, and have been allowed a view of the old Jerusalem; now press they on with the manna and quails that they have gathered there, to that new Jerusalem which beams beyond, and that heavenly Sion which is in store for the virgin souls of God's elect. Happy souls! press on; what is there not in your power to reach? you can look beyond the vain promises and glittering idols of Mammon. Thorns are in your path, 't is true; 't is the bitter way of the Cross that you must follow. But "the disciple is not above his Master," and your Master trod that path before you, and you must follow Him, and endure the earthly sufferings that He endured; but then comes the bright light that beams behind—the coronet which is ready to drop upon the head of the faithful servant.

Believe—faint not—persevere—“In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.”

“April 19, Jerusalem.

“There are strange reports of the state of Europe. Papers only come here once a month, and three weeks of that time have already passed; and the accounts now current are, that Nicholas is dead, as also Mehemet Ali; that the King of Prussia is a fugitive in England; Sardinia a republic; and last, not least, that the Pope has abdicated all temporal power, and is coming to Jerusalem, at which the Latin monks are vastly excited, while, I am sure, the other communities will regard it as the advent of anti-Christ.” “There are a great many ceremonies to be performed in the church of the Holy Sepulchre this week. On Friday evening the Latins act the Crucifixion of our Saviour. Two, who personate Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, embalm the body, and they then close their ceremonies till Easter Sunday. The only thing I shall go and see is the celebrated miracle of the Greek fire, which takes place on Easter eve. Jerusalem has been quite deserted the last day or two, owing to the pilgrims making their annual procession to bathe in the Jordan. They number some thousands. It is a most extraordinary sight to see them in the court of the Holy Sepulchre, in their various dresses; you could fancy every nation under the sun—Abyssinians, Copts, Georgians, Maronites, Russians, all sorts of Greek Levantines, and Maltese, Syrians of all sorts, Persians with their high conical black caps, and a few Albanians, in the most picturesque costume of all—



loose embroidered jacket and plaited kilt. My daily routine is a walk to the Mount of Olives in the morning, and a ride to some Scriptural locality in the afternoon. I shall never have such another month in my life."

April 20.—Went out with young Veitch and the architect of the church, Mr. Critchlow, on a gazelle chase. Saw some, but did not get a shot. "The wild gazelle on Judah's hills" may yet roam in safety. The hills are full of vestiges of the terraces on which they collected the mould from the rock, and so cultivated the corn and vine in profusion. Dined at the Veitch's.

Good Friday, 1848.—At last, Easter time has begun indeed. On this day died the Saviour of the world—on whom the hopes of myriads, quick and dead, for ever depend, and by whose blood they are washed from the stains of guilt which otherwise must have consigned the seed of Adam to everlasting misery. That blood flowed to-day, and on this spot were those bitter pangs endured—

wonderful mystery!—salvation through a Redeemer, and that Redeemer the Son of God ; —a great mediatorial sacrifice has been accepted by a covenant-keeping God—justice has yielded to mercy. Had it not been so, where had we been?—we dare not think ; but now “righteousness and peace have kissed each other.”

JERUSALEM, Easter Sunday. —The most eventful day in the Christian year has come and gone. I leave Jerusalem to-morrow morning.

“Jerusalem, Easter Sunday Evening, 1848.

“I am sure you would like to have a line from Jerusalem. ....(Off Sidon, April 27.)—Thus far only did I get, as Mr. Derby Griffiths, of Cairo acquaintanceship, called, eat of my paschal lamb, and did not leave till past ten. I finished my packing by two A.M., slept till four, was riding out of Jerusalem at sunrise. You shall not have emotions second-hand—every one feels them, from leaving your encampment in the desert, where you have boiled your kettle and lit your pipe, to departing from the pleasantest temporal home which the wanderer meets with. I can only tell you, I left it with a certainty of returning to it again ; and if you wish to know why, will refer you to certain verses in Joel and Zechariah,

to which my study of the prophets in the land of prophecy have led me to apply a *literal* interpretation. I rode to Jaffa (ancient Joppa) in less than nine hours—a most beautiful ride. There are times when, riding over the sterile mountains and uncultivated wastes of Palestine, I have said to myself, can this be the promised land—the land which flowed with milk and honey? but in the ravines, the fig, and the vine, and the olive, seemed to outvie each other in exuberance and beauty. The last three hours was across the vast plain of Sharon, which is covered with green corn. Jaffa itself is surrounded with gardens, all hedged-in with the prickly pear, a giant species of cactus, which makes a most effectual fence (a regular stopper, in hunting language), as well as a very shady lane. The gardens produce all sorts of fruit—apricots, pomegranates, figs, &c., which are the chief exports of this rising port. I dined with the English Consul, an Arab, who has been in England, and married an English woman, whom I did not see, as she had just presented Mr. Assaid Cayote with a Joppa olive branch. She sent and begged for my autograph! I was also gladdened by the sight of English children, and, ‘per Baccho,’ English nursery-maids!

“As a boat was to sail with pilgrims homeward bound that night, I took passage for Beirut. By passenger boat in this country, you must carry your idea to the lowest standard possible in the shape of personal comforts. No fishing-smack in England is worse provided. A Turkish felucca is an open boat, with no deck or cabin of any sort. This is loaded with corn, on which, like cattle, are stretched a number of poor women and men.

The place of honour, the jolly boat, I have appropriated, and really have passed three very tolerable nights, and this is the third day. We have had all sorts of weather : yesterday, a gale—how I thought of poor Jonah—and was very sick ; to-day have breakfasted ‘ *con buon appetito.*’ We have passed Sidon, and most likely, unless becalmed, shall sleep with a roof over me to-night. I had intended, by coming this way, visiting the ruins of Cæsarea and the Castle of Athlete, the last possession of the Crusaders in the Holy Land ; but the wind was so strong, that I could not induce the Reis to land, so contented myself with a telescopic view. Out and out the greatest comfort I possess is the sheet of Mackintosh. On land it wraps my bed in the day, and I lie on it at night. In my house at Jerusalem it was a curtain, and now it performs the part of roof to keep off the dew of night, and, what is worse, the awfully hot sun in the day.

“I will now return, and give some account of my last days in the Holy City. They were chiefly spent with Clive and Bridgeman, and other acquaintances, who had come by the desert. I had three or four offers to join different parties, but have declined them, as I have neither time, money, nor wish to go over ground a second time, having seen now all the most interesting places in Palestine, except Tiberias and a near view of the Sea of Galilee, which I give up. Easter in Jerusalem is a very gay week to sight-seers. The trip of the many thousand pilgrims to the Jordan is worth looking at. On Friday evening, the churches of the Roman Catholics, Greeks, and Armenians, as well as the church of the Holy Sepulchre, are illuminated. The Latins act the Crucifixion, with a full-length effigy. Two monks personate Nicode-

mus and Joseph of Arimathea, and embalm the body, which is laid in the Sepulchre. I went with a large party of Englishmen to the illumination, and we were all presented to the Latin patriarch, a most imposing-looking ecclesiastic in splendid robes, a very handsome man in the prime of life, with a chestnut beard reaching almost to his waist. He reminded me much of Cardinal Wolsey in his youthful days—much more of the statesman than the priest, and man of the world than the successor of St. James—and that intrigue was a more prominent feature than benevolence; yet he had as fine a hazel eye as I ever saw—mild and intelligent. I have represented a most incongruous personage. I did not stay for the childish stage-play of the highest mystery of our faith; the mummerly of the Greeks, which I saw next day, is bad enough, but the mockery of the Latins is more revolting; so I went quietly back for dinner and politics with Clive.

“The next day the celebrated miracle of the Holy Fire is performed by the Greek Patriarch—a more barefaced and atrocious imposition was never perpetrated. I was in the gallery of the church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Greeks assemble in the body of the church at an early hour, and commence shouting and beating themselves and hallooing, being told the louder they shout the sooner it will come. It always comes, however, at two o'clock, and the signal is the arrival of the Turkish Pasha. The Greek Patriarch then goes into the Tomb, is locked up, and soon a small flame is seen issuing from a hole in the rock. Every person is provided with torches and tapers. The confusion and fighting to light them is tremendous. Soon the church is one mass

of flame—men and women burning their faces and bosoms to obtain the salutary effects of celestial fire.”

On Monday evening, the 24th, arrived at Jaffa; dined with the English Consul, Assaid Cayote—a character; and sailed that night for Beirout, in an open felucca; was tossed about on the Syrian seas, till Thursday morning, the 27th, found our bark off Saida, the Sidon of old. I left Mohammed and the baggage, and, as I had travelled the road before, engaged a horse, and rode into Beirout by sunset. The boat did not arrive till the next morning.

BEIROUT, Friday, April 28.—Engaged in making preparations for my excursion to Damascus. No letters from home. 29th, started by six A.M. My cortège consisted of two horses and a mule to carry a carpet for my bed and my carpet bag of necessities; for aught else, I trusted to the riches of the country. The road for the first eight hours, is a passage over the Lebanon—a

worse road I never witnessed; for the poor horses it was an eight hours' stumble over rocks and stones; they did not, however, tumble. On the east side of the Lebanon range, is a valley about an hour and a half wide. The range of Anti-Lebanon flanks the east side of the plain, which is called the Vale of Behaa. I passed the night in an open shed, not choosing to be devoured by the fleas of the Khan, at a village, in the midst of the plain called Merdj.

30th.—To-day was devoted to the passage of Anti-Lebanon, and it was twelve hours and a half of slow saddle work before I reached Damascus. This mountain is entirely of limestone, and is quite devoid of natural beauties, and it is this contrast perhaps which chiefly enhances so much the first view of El Shām. I confess, however, my perfect incompetency to do justice to that thoroughly oriental town. It lies stretched out on a vast rich plain, surrounded for miles by its gardens,

not the stiff formal parterres of England, but orcharding and flat park scenery, of which fine timber and the swift-flowing Bar-rady are the principal causes, which have given them a title to the name of garden; for, were it not for a bountiful supply of shade and water, they would but just come up to the denomination of meadow. The first view of Damascus, however, well repays two days of no ordinary trouble and fatigue. Located myself in Polazzi's Hotel, one of the celebrated houses of Damascus, in which marble fountains and alcoves, and "vin d'oro" and ice—arabesque walls and ceilings, sherbet and tobacco, all contrive to render the traveller's sojourn more agreeable.

May Day, DAMASCUS, 1848.—With a Jew for my guide, sallied out to lionize the town "à bonne heure." The sights, as far as I can recollect at fourteen days' distance, were, Ananias's house — an enormous tree (oak)



which stands in the middle of the town (should like to know its girth; Christians don't like to measure it, as they might be bothered by Mahommedans)—the splendid interiors of some Saracenic houses—the bazaars, which in their way are superior to Cairo—the above-mentioned gardens—the exterior of the Mosque—some of its gateways, which are of Christian times and workmanship, are very handsome, and are shown as architectural antiques—and, par excellence, (could I forget) the rural cafés. Called on Mr. Wood, the Consul, and was very well received; engaged to dine, and had a janisary provided me. His house is splendid—more like a fairy palace than good sober-sided John Bull would imagine. Spent all my money in the bazaars, dined with Wood and an English Doctor, and had a very good dinner into the bargain. The only other Anglo residents are two missionaries. Should much liked to have staid a week.

"Damascus, May-Day, 1848.

"The first view of this city is one of the most splendid panoramas that I have ever seen. It stands in a plain, well watered, and surrounded by a forest of most beautiful trees, and those trees are the far-famed gardens of El Sham, as the Arabs call it. Gardens they are not, in the English sense, but a vast wilderness of orcharding and shrubbery. The town is fair for an Eastern city, but the houses are meagre, being chiefly of a sort of mud. The great thing for Damascus is the multitude of swift streams which inundate the plain, and are carried in all directions through the town, forming pools, and fountains, and streams, and reservoirs. In the heart of the city you go through a small low door, and instead of a squalid hovel, you are surprised by a grove of willows over a deep purling stream, to which luxurious man has given additional comfort, by erecting alcoves floored with marble, and divans teeming with silken cushions, where the Turks enjoy life; but some of the old houses are the things to see. I have never seen so much splendour and magnificence in my whole life as I have to-day; such costly workmanship, such variety of materials, and taste in execution. To describe a house in Damascus:—You enter first a broad court floored with many coloured marble, in the centre of which there is always a fountain, almost as large as a lake! and sometimes large trees growing in the court, wherein are birds warbling their noontide song, and innumerable creepers trellised in various directions, and flowers in pots; at the end of the court is a raised alcove, surrounded by a silken divan. The rooms all open from doors in the court. There are seldom, if ever, more

than two stories; and a staircase from the outside leads to the roof, which is always a terrace. The rooms themselves are inlaid with marble in curious and sometimes very tasty patterns. The walls and ceilings are a mass of gilt and paint, in an endless variety of beautiful patterns."

May 2.—Left Damascus. A cold, wet, thundery day. Reached the village of Zebdeni by two P.M., and then determined to make a forced march to Baalbec, where there is now a small hotel! It was very nearly a failure. We were benighted before we could get over the Anti-Lebanon, and after four hours' wandering about on a pitch dark night, came to a village, where we found a guide and arrived at Baalbec at ten P.M. In one village which I passed just before sunset, the inhospitable inhabitants refused me a night's lodging. They belonged to the sect of Metoualis, and do not like strangers to pry into the secrets of their life and religion.

May 3.—The ruins of Baalbec are grand in

the extreme, and afforded me as much pleasure as any of the gigantic remains in Egypt. They consist of two temples, of Grecian architecture. Some of the large structure is said to be of very ancient date, even of the time of Solomon. I saw three stones raised some twenty-five or thirty feet from the ground; the length of each separately is seventy-two feet!—could find no account in books of their weight\*. The most beautiful relics of this mass of ruins are six columns, which are enormous in size, pure Corinthian in style, and stand alone, still uprearing their giant heads in spite of earthquakes, and that surer leveller, time. The pencil of the artist could alone do them sufficient justice: they should be seen—all attempts at description are superfluous. Left Baalbec. at eight, and rode to Zahle, in the Valley of Behaa, in about six hours. Rained cats and dogs; very wretched and uncomfortable; stopped at a Khan, and

\* Warburton says they weigh 100 tons.

solaced ourselves with coffee and pipes till it cleared in the afternoon, and then commenced the recrossing of the Lebanon. In about an hour came to a Khan, where a Canadian and his dragoman were just shaking themselves down for the night. As I had known Mr. Gibb in Egypt and Jerusalem, immediately gave the word "halt!" and, for the sake of conversation, we shared the miserable accommodation of a mountain hovel, eat our rice and eggs with mutual good feeling towards each other, and stretched our bodies on the ground, in the opinion that companionship does much to dissipate the little troubles of fatigue and rain. Rolled in a "Levinge," I slept like a top; my friend was a martyr to the venomous fangs of the blood-sucking "pulci." Off betimes the next morning, and reached Beirout by two o'clock. On Thursday, the 4th of May, found that the Austrian steamer sailed the next day at four, so had lots of time to arrange for departure from the Syrian shores.

May 5.—At four in the afternoon went on board the steamer "Stamboul," belonging to the Austrian Lloyd Company, and were soon under weigh, fast sailing from the snow-capped peaks of Lebanon. We had on board two hundred and eighty pilgrims. In the second class were a Russian prince, a Levantine leech merchant, and a Yankee independent minister. These three incongruous spirits are now enjoying one room in the lazaretto at Smyrna, and seem to live in a perfect happy-family harmony, for the Russian declares that Jonathan is "charmant," and Jonathan says the (boor) prince is delightful, and the leech merchant hovers round both in perfect ecstacies, and hangs upon the lips of "Son Altesse" with equal pertinacity to the blood-sucking commodities that he traffics in. In the first class, were a party I dined with at Jerusalem: three English—Major Chambre, Messrs. David and Middleton,—and an Austrian Consul-General—Le Chevalier Adelbourg.

May 6 found us in the harbour of Larnica, the capital of Cyprus; the country looked pretty, and I fancied one high conspicuous mountain must be Mount Olympus, and Paphos was somewhere near. The remaining part of the day we were coasting along the shore of Karamania. Some of the coast is fine, rugged, wild, and mountainous.

May 7.—This evening we steered into the harbour of Rhodes, passing between the rocks where once stood the mighty Colossus. Of course quarantine regulations prevented our landing. The next morning showed us a curious old town—the devices and shields of the knights are yet to be seen on the walls of some of the houses. The Turks do not deface them, in memory of the gallantry with which they defended their island in 1522. The Grand Master, Villars de l'Isle Adam, was forced to surrender the island to Suleiman II. The fertility of its soil, and the delightful summer and winter, are proverbial in the East.

May 8.—Left Rhodes, and hugged the Karamanian coast all day ; threading among numerous islands, the principal of which were Cos and Samos. About four in the afternoon were off a town, which, from its position, I conclude was Boudroon, the ancient Halicarnassus, where old Herodotus first saw light. Soon after, it became squally. Patmos was passed at night ; and

May 9 found us in a chopping sea at the mouth of the Gulf of Smyrna. After two days fighting to avoid going to the lazaretto, two of us were to be consigned to the rapacious clutches of a “guardiano,” and the lot fell on Mr. George Middleton and myself, who were not permitted to pass our quarantine on board the steamer, as the number usually allowed was already made up.

May 20.—The last eleven days must be a “hiatus” in my travelling journal—they have been passed in quarantine, and deserve to be expunged from my existence. Had it not



been for my companion I think my thoughts must sooner or later have arrived at suicide. It is worse than imprisonment. I can well understand the feelings of a bird in a cage. Oh, the blessings of a habeas corpus! when will Turks appreciate you? And our situation has been worse than usual, for 280 pilgrims have been crammed into the small courts, and they are so crowded as almost to prevent your taking any exercise; but the worst has been the constant apprehension we have been under lest any plague, or a case of cholera, should break out (and the latter is at Constantinople), for then we should be all confined for twenty or forty days. They are very strict, and bathing in the sea not allowed; however, the doctor has made his inspection and pronounced us all sound, so to-morrow morning "à bonne heure" we shall all be let out of Newgate. As a political institution, quarantine is not worthy of the civilized and enlightened age in which we live; with a clean

bill of health it ought not to exist; when plague or any epidemic rages, it should in these countries be reasonably strict; but these Turks are behindhand in everything. Now that other nations are beginning to find out their folly, and relax their stringent laws, the Turks are building new lazarettos, and whether or not with the intention that they should be a government monopoly, and a source of profit, I know not; but openly it is only allowed that they should pay their own expenses—so says their system—but I suspect the latter idea will soon be publicly in vogue: the sooner, however, that they do away with a quarantine between Turkey and Syria the better, as it is now under the same jurisdiction\*.

" Smyrna, Quarantine, May 12.

"I am in as great a state of perplexity, or rather indecision, as I was when I wrote from Jerusalem, about homeward route. The reports of cholera are so bad at Constantinople, that, unless untrue, I shall certainly not

\* June 10.—I have had reason to alter my opinion on some of the above subjects.

go there. In all Greece I am subjected to ten or twelve days' more quarantine, a thing, for all the Parthenons in the world, I would not submit to."

" Smyrna, Quarantine, May 16.

" I had always intended to come back through France, but would rather learn French without being a detenu. Greece I completely give up, at least I fear so : 1st, because of quarantine ; 2nd, because of the insurrections ; 3rd, because I have not time to see it as it ought to be seen. You know not how I long for rest ; it is a great mistake seeing too much at a time. I want three months' rest, and should then be ready for a fresh campaign ; but you can't digest all your new ideas and new sights when they come too close on each other ; —don't half appreciate a new country, and forget the real useful matter already acquired."

May 21.—Spent to-day in stretching our legs in walking the streets of Giaour Ismir, or Infidel Smyrna, as the Turks call it. The cypress groves are splendid. The women of Smyrna are strikingly handsome, and Sunday is the day to see them, for they sit in the doors of their houses during the afternoon, and when the sun gets low, come out in one resplendent blaze of fashion and beauty, to enjoy the cool of the evening. The ren-

dezvous of all the Smyrniotes is the Caravan Bridge, a picturesque locality in the suburbs of the town; the bridge is over a brook which meanders through the country, but that brook is called the Meles—old Homer's stream “sans doute.” Here the “Ionian Queens of Ismir,” attended by their beaux, congregate in the cool of the evening to eat ice, smoke, and drink coffee—and a most delightful place it is—and most lovely faces are yours, for the most part, most indulgent Smyrniotes—I shall not forget you for a long time. A Mr. Barclay of La Fontaine's firm was my cicerone, and very kind and civil he was to me and Middleton.

Monday 22 was again dedicated to walks about Smyrna bazaars, &c.; in the evening I left the “Hotel des deux Augustes,” kept by a Mons. Mille—a very good hotel—and went on board a French steamer, accompanied by Giovanni. Next day, the 23rd, were steaming the whole day up the Hellespont, and were in the Sea of Marmora by four o'clock.

24th.—At five in the morning dropped anchor in the Golden Horn, and I came on deck in time to see the first tints of the morning sun gilding the walls of the far-famed seraglio, and the myriad minarets of Stamboul. Got into a caïque, and was soon wafted to the Pera side of the Golden Horn, and was in Myssiri's comfortable hotel in a jiffy, devouring the news of the last month's papers. Met Captain Morris at breakfast, who claimed a Gloucestershire acquaintance. Called on Cumberbatch, our consul, Hanson, and La Fontaine; took a bird's-eye view of the town of Pera, and, at six, sat down to dinner with half-a-score English to a dressed English dinner—a thing I had been a stranger to for many a month.

May 25.—Did the bazaars in Constantinople, and was rather disappointed after Damascus and Cairo. Rode to a pic-nic with the Consul, which took place on one of the beautiful banks which overlook the Bosphorus.

Met about thirty English and French, chiefly of the corps diplomatique. It is astonishing how abstemious cholera makes people—or rather the idea of it.

May 26.—In the morning, took a caique and went up the Bosphorus, to see the Sultan go in state to mosque by water; a very pretty sight, well worth seeing. The troops under arms along the banks; all the men-of-war covered with flags, their yards manned, firing salutes; the Grand Seignior, in a most splendid boat, rowed by more than twenty men, dressed in scarlet, sits under a gorgeous golden canopy, and is wafted to his house of prayer. He is an ugly-looking fellow, this Abdoul Medjid, but said to be liked by his subjects, and to have a very merciful disposition. Lucky for his wives! In the afternoon saw the dancing Dervishes, just for the sake of saying that I had done so. How can such infatuation and superstition obtain such a hold upon men that have reason? I almost doubt whether they have!

Saturday, 27th.—Saw a Turkish man-of-war launched in the morning. The Sultan present. A sight of the same sort as that of yesterday. Afterwards took horse and rode round the walls of Constantinople, from the Sea of Marmora to the Golden Horn. Saw the Seven Towers and Ali Pasha's grave. Crossed over to Pera.

Sunday, 28th.—No English service now, because the chapel was burnt down two years ago! Took a caique and went with Captain Morris up the Bosphorus to Therapia. The scenery lovely. Got a glimpse of the Black Sea. Called on Sir Godfrey Webster, who is stationed there, commanding the Tartarus. After dinner took a walk with Middleton to the Christian burial-ground, from which there is a beautiful view of Constantinople.

Monday, 29th.—Spent the morning in the bazaars, buying Oriental relics. Made up my mind to leave Constantinople the next evening. I had intended to stay another week,

but ennui of travelling, and a disorder prevalent at that time, induced me to take a place in the "Bosphore," one of Rostand and Co.'s steamers, for Malta. Rode to the sweet waters of Europe in the evening.

" Constantinople, May 27, 1848.

" I have not yet settled anything, but that I mean to leave this about the 7th or 8th, express for Painswick, glad enough to eat the fatted calf, that is, if you will kill it. I shan't write again, unless detained; am already sick of this mongrel Turko-Franko city. After enjoying a nomad life for so long, and luxuriating in barbarism, the forms and conventionalities of a half-civilized life don't suit me at all. To see dandy attachés in beards and moustaches, wearing trim coats, and white kid gloves, bowing to ladies, and walking with canes, seems wonderful, after being free for so long from the trammels of society."

Tuesday, 30th.—Very uncomfortable all day. However, as cholera was about, determined not to be laid up at Constantinople; sailed soon after six in the evening.

31st, Wednesday.—All day gliding down the Hellespont, and at night touched at



Mitylene, which seemed to be a beautiful island. Had not time to land.

Thursday, 1st of June, found us anchored in the Gulf of Smyrna ; and I greeted with pleasure the old cypress groves and the lazaretto of former days. Off I went in a boat to a doctor as fast as I could, who pronounced my malady to be a Smyrna epidemic, and prescribed the best medicine I ever tasted—syrup of tamarinds. It is not much used in Europe, but very common in the East, where powerful doses are not required. By Jove, how miserable I was. Travelling alone and in health, and when can one's spirits be more buoyant and one's joy more full ? but alone and ill, not a soul who can speak your own language, tormented with the thought of becoming worse, spirits droop, appetite fails ; with feverish pulse and throbbing brain, I thought how can one be such a fool as to leave a happy home and travel. Oh, what wretched helplessness is there in man ! the breath

of sickness comes on him, and what is he and all his high-breathed hopes? they are vanished; and he, proud, self-sufficient, vain-glorious reptile, must own that he has no more power than the worm he treads on.

Friday, 2nd.—All day off Syra “coaling.” Still mighty seedy.

3rd.—Rather rough as we rounded Cape Matapan. The majority of the party stretched on their beam ends.

Sunday, 4th.—Sea all round. No more land till we reach Malta. Managed to dine. The weather splendid, and my remedial measures taking effect.

MALTA.—*Fort Manual*.—5th.—Arrived in the quarantine harbour this morning, and by one P.M. was ensconced in a very good room in the lazaretto. Engaged a servant. Hung all my clothes to air, and am now about to pass seven days in solitary confinement. Shall be let out on the morning of the eleventh. That leaves five whole days after

to-day; and as I shall have nothing to do but read, write, eat, and sleep, may as well omit them altogether from my diary.

Evening of the 10th.—LAZARETTO.—Well! the five days are passed; and except with the broken English of my Maltese flunky and the captain and purser of a French steamer, not a soul have I had to converse with. They have not hung very heavy with the exception of to-day, when the near approach of liberty renders bondage more irksome. I have managed always to be employed; nothing like having stated hours for everything, even the most trivial subjects, and never begin them till that time arrives, is the way to drown time.

To-morrow the captain of the lazaretto is to be here at 6 A.M., and then I shall be once more free. I can perfectly understand the effect of solitary confinement must be maddening: a little trial of it is far from unwholesome; but, "corpo di Baccho," a month! a year! one's thoughts almost turn to suicide.

Well, out of the last four months, one of them, twenty-eight days, has been passed in various quarantines. I think that is serving your apprenticeship to the East!!

“ Malta, Whit Sunday.

“ On the voyage for Smyrna I got worse, and have stopped at Malta to recruit; but as stomach's weak and digestion shaky, shall not irritate them by four days' and nights' consecutive diligence through France—and, in spite of arriving in England three days later—in spite of my wish to catch a glimpse of the sucking Republic, and see whether it is likely to die in cutting its teeth, I have settled to get into the ‘Hindoostan,’ and come round again by the Pillars of Hercules.”

June 11.—*Baker's Hotel, Valetta.*—Went to church in the morning; Sir Cecil Bishop read prayers; don't recollect much about the sermon, not even the text; stayed the Communion. There was a time when I only liked to partake of that holy rite after much thought, before an altar that I had known long, and with friends whom I loved, and then by serious examination and earnest prayer, the mind might be so

raised as to experience the benefit of that mysterious sacrament; but place a man alone, in a foreign land, far from the church and the home where he has been brought up, he may too have been sick or experienced some signal mercy, and 't is then that he will feel upon Whom he leans for support—Whose hand it is that leads him to the Table, feeds him with the bread of life and fruit of the vine, tells him that that great sacrifice which he is now commemorating, has made salvation possible and eternal glory sure; then will he know that there is but One who can protect him. Father, mother, wealth, friends, and station, are all as dross; for the safety of his soul he cannot lean on even the best of earth's creatures; then he feels sure that—

“ New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray.”

Oh ! 't is then the joys of heaven come full upon him; with contrite spirit he prays, with faith he looks up; and, believing that his pardon is

sealed in heaven, he vows manfully to fight the good fight, the grace of God preventing him. May these thoughts come often: surely when once felt they cannot die—there is too much life in them. “If I forget thee, oh, Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.”

12th.—Wish the steamer would come, with all my heart!









